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[PARTING FRIENDS.]

THYRA DESMOND;

OR,

THE MAIDEN OF THE LAKE.

CHAPTER XX.

Hark! hark! did I hear a vesper swell?

It is, my love, some pilgrim's prayer.

No! no! 'tis but the convent bell,

That tolled upon the midnight air.

Holy be the pilgrim's sleep,

From the dreams of terror free;

And may all who wake to weep,

Rest to-night as sweet as he.

"THEN I am really to leave you here, Thyra, in spite of all Nora's urgent commands?" said Mr. O'Byrne, as he and the orphan girl stood at the terminus of the railway station at—

"Yes; it is better—indeed, it is," replied the girl, earnestly. "I must learn to depend upon myself now, and the sooner I begin the more easy I shall find it—at least I hope and intend," she added, with a determined attempt at a smile which did not deceive her kind and observant companion.

But Maurice O'Byrne was too judicious to dispute the truth of the assertion, and he was also wise enough to comprehend she panted to begin her new course of life and to realize her own powers of endurance and courage. There are natures that cling to every support with eager tenacity, and others which seem driven almost by necessity and despair to cast off these helps and trust to their own strength and skill in the troubled sea of life.

"Well, you deserve to be humoured in all your fancies," he replied, smiling: "you shall just take your own way, on one condition, and that is, that you will neither be too proud nor too timid to give up if you find the task too heavy for you. I am not so able to make warm, pretty speeches as my gushing little wife, but I do mean what I say, Thyra, when I assure you that so long as we live Ballyglass Parsonage will ever be a home for you. You will remember and act upon this—will you not,

Thyra?" he added, holding out his hand, and looking at her with those clear, honest eyes that could not be doubted in their sincerity and their goodness.

"I do promise," she said, with a broken voice. "If I find it necessary I will claim your generous help. But you would not wish that it should be so. You would rather that I learned independence at any cost, when I must some time endure that penalty of orphanhood."

Perhaps Maurice O'Byrne was scarcely man of the world enough to feel the extreme uncertainty of any such event as might reasonably be anticipated, and which could alone terminate the desolation of such a position.

But still he had the native delicacy, and yet more of the wise reticence which made such hints unavoidable, and he contented himself with a reply, as cheering as he could devise under the especial circumstances of the case.

"Well, Thyra, we can none of us divine the future, and it may be that your destiny may eventually be brighter and happier than the apparently more favoured children of fortune. However, you're right in feeling you must only act according to the present time, and I firmly believe that you will find true happiness in the noble struggle."

"And support in knowing that I have a true and trusty friend," she replied, gently. "Do not fear for me, and tell Nora she is to keep me well posted up in the dear old lake news—I suppose it will not be less bright nor less fitful because I am gone."

Thyra realized at the moment what so often brings additional sadness to a departure from old and accustomed haunts.

She realized how little nature mourns the absence of even her most devoted votaries and how the accustomed scenes preserve their ever familiar and normal aspect for generations which pass away.

Sunrise and sunset succeed each other, and the fair flowers bloom and fade, and the waters splash softly or roughly, whether human eyes weep or smile, whether the homes are desolate that were once gay and busy, whether the church bells peal for the bridal or toll for the burial of the young and the old, the fair or the worn ones in their

borders. And when Thyra took her last leave of her only remaining friend, when her ties to Lough Corrib—her girlhood's home—were utterly broken, then all these sad truths rushed on her mind with a force that years of ordinary experience could hardly have given. The tears rushed in her eyes with irresistible emotion for a few brief moments; then they were crushed back with an heroic determination, and, clearing away the mists from her eyes, she turned her attention to the passing objects that were surrounding her.

First, her attention was drawn to her companions in the carriage where Mr. O'Byrne had placed her.

They consisted only of a gentleman of elderly and even silver-haired appearance, and a girl evidently his daughter and of more tender years than might have been expected when his apparent age was in question.

Thyra could scarcely suppress a sigh when she heard the girl call this gentleman "papa," and noticed the unmistakable tenderness which marked his manner to the speaker.

It re-called to her but too painfully the days of old, when she and her lost father had clung to each other in good and ill, and she too had received the same loving words and looks, and known that she was essential to the happiness of at least one human being.

Now it was different.

Now there was no one to whom it could signify whether she disappeared totally from the scene or whether she acted so as to cast honour or disgrace on those who were her kith and kin.

Who were they? Who were her relatives? And what was her real name? What blood flowed in her veins?

These points might never be settled in her life, though the important packet would in all probability reveal them to her mind; and how strangely different must be the fate and the ideas of such a bright young creature as the girl beside her, whose every look and gesture and surroundings betokened wealth and luxury and tenderness.

"Erica, are you tired, my love? We shall soon

be in Dublin," said the old gentleman, kindly, as the girl buried herself at last in one corner of the carriage.

"I? Oh, no, papa; only perhaps a little weary with this incessant noise and jolting," said the daughter. "Surely the carriage must be a very uneasy one, papa," she went on, after a brief interval.

And in truth there was a very violent oscillation that might well have alarmed an older and more knowing person than the two young creatures who were the companions of the speaker.

The train appeared to rock with extraordinary motion, that rapidly increased till at length a sudden jolt put an end to all suspense and threw the tenants of the carriage with some violence from their seats.

For some minutes all was confusion and bustle. The carriage was partially overturned, though not so entirely reversed as to render it impossible for any one to extricate themselves from its recesses.

There were cries and a bustling passing to and fro, and then a series of suppressed shrieks and moans that betokened an accident of no trifling magnitude.

Thyra had been thrown from her seat, but fortunately had encountered the softer cushions of the opposite side, and sustained but little injury save a bruise on her arm, and a great, stunning bewilderment from the concussion, that after a few moments passed away, and then her first impulse was to escape from the imprisonment of the carriage in which she and her fellow sufferers were still confined.

She was too accustomed to the agile activity of mountain habits to find much difficulty in the attempt.

She lightly mounted on the top of the carriage door, and calling to the nearest person she could perceive who was safe enough and sane enough to assist her, she managed to scramble from the elevation, and then obtained the help of the same stalwart and good-natured traveller in fending open the door to free her fellow travellers from their awkward situation. But when at last an entrance was effected to the carriage another and unexpected difficulty presented itself.

The elder gentleman was by this time basely recovering from the effects of the shock; but either from fright or some more serious injury the girl was still motionless, and as it appeared insensible to anything passing around her.

It was pitiable to see the father's distress as he became aware of the fact.

"My darling! my treasure! my Erios!" he groaned rather than spoke, and Thyra's heart was touched beyond any ordinary sympathy by the sadness of his tones.

The kindly though roughly dressed passenger came to the rescue; fairly raised the light form in his strong arms, and placed her on the turf near the spot where the accident happened, while Thyra snatched some cushions from the carriage and placed them under the girl's head with silent and unobtrusive care.

"Is she hurt? Is she dead?" groaned the father, as he knelt beside her. "Oh, in mercy spare her—spare her!" he moaned, crossing himself with fervent humility as he uttered the prayer.

"No! no! no! I am sure she is not!" exclaimed Thyra, skilfully loosing the girl's dress and taking off her hat to give air to the young sufferer. "I think it is but faint—she breathes; I am sure she does!" she went on eagerly.

"Truth, and it's only in a faint she is, the party darling," said the worthy man who had been of such essential service to the sufferers. "There, acahala," he added, turning to Thyra. "It's myself is the clever, brave colleen, and worth a whole college of doctors, anyhow."

This praise was not altogether unmerited.

Thyra, was in fact, displaying no ordinary amount of presence of mind and skill in her treatment of the young patient. She had already freed her from every obstacle to her receiving the full benefit of the fresh air, and was bathing her face with eau de Cologne that Mrs. O'Byrne had carefully placed in her small flask for her benefit during the journey. And then an extempore fan was constructed by her from some large dock leaves that her rough assistant brought her from a neighbouring hedge-side, which seemed to be more efficacious than any other remedy in restoring the girl to consciousness. At length her eyes opened, and she looked first at Thyra's lovely, anxious face bending over her before she caught her father's more familiar features.

"Who are you? You look so good and kind," she murmured, faintly. "Where am I?—where is papa?—is—he—"

"He is here, my darling child. Are you better, are you hurt, my Erios?" said the old baronet, stooping fondly down and raising her in his arms. But the very change from her recumbent position seemed to bring back the faintness, and Sir Hilary, for it was he, was fain to resign her once again to the skilful tending of her young nurse.

"It's better to get a carriage from the next inn than to remain here in all the cold and the confusion," said the old baronet, sadly. "She cannot remain like this. It will kill her." And he immediately proceeded to relieve his feverish anxiety by seeking out some official who could assist him in the intention.

Fortunately there was no serious and certainly no fatal injury, but still the passengers had many of them sustained such severe shakes and bruises and cuts as to produce great confusion in the throng.

But at last Sir Hilary was lucky enough to get hold of a "native" who could assist him in carrying out his plan.

"It's nearer to Castletown than to Mullingar that you are, your honour," said the man, respectfully; "but then your honour would be farther on your journey, you see, if I could get you a car from the shebeen. That's not far from here, entirely, and it's myself that will go in the twinkling of a shamrock, your honour," he added, taking a comprehensive view of the baronet and his dress, and the beauty of the fair young girl whom he presumed to be the old gentleman's daughter.

Sir Hilary eagerly acquiesced, promising unlimited reward both for the service and for the trap, if it could be prepared; and then he returned to the spot where the still languid and shaken Erios was reclining, supported by Thyra's gentle, yet steady, grasp.

"Is she able to be moved? Can we place her in a carriage, do you think, my dear young lady?" he asked, as he returned to her side.

"Oh, yes, I am sure she can; she is much better already. Are you not?" returned Thyra, turning to her patient. "It was more the fright than any hurt, I am sure. She has no injury that I can perceive."

"Oh! yes, yes," murmured Erios. "If you will come, I shall not be afraid, I am quite sure. I am much better, papa dear," and indeed the returning life-bag to her cheeks and lips did indicate some improvement in the circulation and the strength of the patient, though not so rapid as Sir Hilary would have desired.

"Of course, of course you will accompany us, my dear young lady, and add to the benefits you have already bestowed on us," said Sir Hilary, courteously addressing the somewhat embarrassed Thyra.

"Thank you, but I must go to Dublin as early as I possibly can," she replied. "I am expected there, and it will be very wrong for me to delay one hour more than necessary."

"But you certainly cannot go on just yet," replied Sir Hilary, with some impatience at the very shadow of resistance to his will; "and if we go on to Mullingar you will be proceeding on your journey, and nearer to Dublin than you would be by going back till another train is prepared."

Sir Hilary was perhaps overset in his ideas. The accident had originally proceeded from the engine going off the line and dragging two or three carriages after it, and though the damage was neither serious nor extensive, yet it would require some time to clear away the debris and repair the injury done to the rails.

"You are very kind. If I can go on from Mullingar I will be very grateful for the conveyance," returned the girl, with a frank, earnest simplicity that could scarcely fail to banish the cloud from the old baronet's brow.

And thus the matter was settled, though the arrangements were not so quickly completed. The luggage had to be identified and secured by Sir Hilary and Thyra before leaving the spot.

"What name is on your boxes, young lady?" asked the baronet, as he turned to superintend this part of the business.

"Desmond," she replied, with an involuntary blush that seemed as if she was somewhat ashamed of the confession—albeit it arose from the over-present consciousness that some strange mystery hung over the very name she bore.

And the baronet remarked it, even in that hurried moment, and it again brought a shade on his sternly-set features that should scarcely have dwelt on them when the tender and gentle assistant of his suffering daughter was in the question.

"Well, it is but for an hour or two. It cannot signify in any case," he thought; "and perhaps I shall find out something more about her while in the carriage, though I am determined I will not expose my darling to any contact that might in any way injure her in after-life. I cannot be too careful of my precious treasure, after the experience of the past."

It was some half-hour after the accident before all was in readiness, and the invalid placed carefully in a carriage padded up with cushions to prevent any jolt to her still sensitive nervous system.

Thyra and Sir Hilary were opposite to her, and the carriage went on at a slow, cautious pace that did not disarrange the repose that was essential to the shattered nerves which even Thyra could not

but fear were more injured than she had hoped was the case.

"May I inquire what is your destination, Miss Desmond?" asked Sir Hilary, after they were fairly en route.

"I am expected at Dublin this evening. I am going to Lady Maud Tracy's," she replied, and again there was a silence.

"Indeed—as a guest, may I ask?" resumed the baronet.

"No," answered Thyra, calmly. "I am not going to Lady Maud as a guest. I am going in a very different capacity—as a governess to her children."

"Indeed—then I fear we are indeed intruding on your time in a rather inconvenient and dangerous fashion," said Sir Hilary; "but I will do all in my power to forward your views, Miss Desmond. I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Lady Maud, but still I dare say that a letter from Sir Hilary Vesey will be sufficient to make all matters straight where you are concerned."

Thyra could not suppress a slight start and a change of colour at the announcement, but her pride and the necessity of absolute concealment came to her aid, and she quietly inclined her head as she replied:

"You are very kind. I think it will be quite sufficient if I go on as quickly as possible, and then, of course, the accident itself will plead excuse for any nesciencetality."

Perhaps the very spirit that the tone and the very look betrayed was rather favourable than the reverse to Sir Hilary's ideas of Thyra's position and character, but still he was too much accustomed to complete submission to be altogether content with the relinquishment of his proposed patronage.

"But you will stay with me—you will not leave me till I am well. I would like you to go on to Dublin with me. I shall be frightened if I am left alone, even with papa. I should like you to be with me," Erios cried, in a plangent, childlike tone that was altogether different to her usual daring spirit, and which evinced at once jealousy and alarm in her father's soul.

"My Erios can surely need no one but her father to watch over her," he said, reproachfully, "and it seems very difficult for Miss Desmond to remain with us after we get to Mullingar. You must rest there, and then you will feel quite differently about your journey, my child," he went on.

But Erios shook her head.

"No, I like Miss Desmond," she said, and

Thyra saw that it was needful that she should interfere to prevent any dangerous excitement to the young invalid.

It was a kind of struggle in the father's heart between love for the child on whose life he felt that his whole happiness hung and the pride and the pique that governed his high and imperious nature.

Thyra saw it, and came to the rescue.

"We shall see when we get to Mullingar," she said, apologetically. "If Miss Vesey requires me I will certainly try to remain with her for a few hours more, and then I can go on my journey without delay. Lady Maud will, I am sure, understand the position in which I have been placed, or else she will not be half so kind and good as I believe her to be."

Sir Hilary bowed with a kind of haughty condescension.

"Miss Desmond is most kind, Erios," he said, "but you must try not to impose on her goodness. It is very unlike a Vesey to be so nervous and silly. However, I expect after an hour's rest at Mullingar you will be perfectly well, but we shall still be under the greatest obligations to her, I am sure, for all the care and trouble she has bestowed on you."

There was a strange quiet dignity in the young girl's manner that carried its point in spite of its gentleness and the apparent helplessness of her position.

And Erios gave a glad, acquiescent smile, and the baronet was fain to leave the matter for the result of the brief journey before them.

CHAPTER XXI.

The night after the review and ball was one of but little rest to more than one of those favoured denizens who had graced the fine parade ground and the castle.

Lady Beatrix was too bewildered, and it might be too self-reproachful, to enjoy much repose. And yet, amidst all the contending emotions that the evening had produced, there was some degree of gratified vanity in the idea of such contention for her smiles, such a hot and angry rivalry for the honour of her hand. And if some lurking terror did prevail as to the result, if it did flash upon her that the passions thus excited, and the honour thus wounded, might not be allayed without bloodshed, yet it did not daunt her proud spirit, it did not bring any repentance for the impropriety which had caused this mischief.

She only considered it a proper homage to her beauty and her claims.

Had she seen her anxious lover during those weary hours, had she watched his grave, working features in all their gloomy agony, there might have arisen a different state of opinion in her mind.

Lord Ashworth had closed his door that night with a terrible impression on his mind that it might be the last time he would enter his chamber alive, and in the full possession of all the physical and mental powers that belonged to him.

Should he be, as he expected, called on to defend his honour with his life, he knew too well that it would be but a brief interval allowed to slay; for it should be arranged before it would be decided whether his life or that of his adversary was to be the sacrifice to a false sense of honour and to the vanity of a proud coquette.

Gaston did not shrink as a coward from the risk, but it was an glorious death, or a stained life, that would be the result of such a contest.

And when, after some minutes of thought and of self-contest, he at last raised his head and looked around him, with a sort of inquiring gaze, as if expecting to meet some object that would decide the vague suspense in which he was, as it were, floating like a cloudy mist, as to the present and future, there was a touching sadness and palor in his look and mien.

His hand, at the moment when he thus dropped it from supporting his head, in his gloomy reverie, encountered a stiff and rustling paper, that he at once perceived was a large and thick envelope whose seal and monogram soon revealed the writer.

It was rapidly torn open, and as rapidly perused, and indeed the contents were far too brief and too easily comprehended for any long story to be needed in the matter.

It ran thus :

"There can be but one mode of arranging such a dispute as arose this night, and it is at least giving an equal chance to both in the matter. Meet me in the Phoenix Park, under the clump of oak trees that skirts the western side, at four o'clock. No one will interrupt us there; a doctor will there, who will serve both as surgeon and as second. Brave men of honour need nothing more to give them security from danger or foul play. And I believe you to be both, so far as report speaks of your antecedents. I ask no answer, since I consider there can be but one in a case like this. ORANMORE."

Gaston perused this document with a bitter smile, it was all settled now, there could be no escape and no alternative.

He must fight, or at least he must meet his challenger, mad and unjust as was the cause of the dispute.

But a hot-headed, violent Irishman like Lord Oranmore would not hear of admit reason in the affair; he would not hesitate to blast him as a coward if he were to refuse the challenge.

And, again, what was more embarrassing under the circumstances which surrounded him? He could not, or would not, compromise his cousin by an announcement of the betrothal which was as yet too doubtful and unsettled for him to feel justified in claiming its privileges.

Moreover his own blood was up by this time, and he was by no means inclined to submit to what he considered to be a gratuitous and wanton insult to his honour and his truth.

"Yes," he said to himself, with a laugh that sounded hollow and mocking in the silent night, "he shall be gratified. And though I will not have his blood on my head, though I will even now give him every chance of retreat, yet he shall never be able to say that he was submitted to by a man of twice as long a pedigree, if not so ample a rent roll. No; at least the Fitzgeralds have as rich blood and as high a spirit as the Malones ever could boast."

He raised his head from its depression and walked hurriedly up and down the room in deep and gloomy thought.

"Aha, aha!" he said, once more. "Is this to be the fate of the last of the race, which has gone from father to son for so many, many long centuries—to die a idiot's death, or live a murderer's life? But this is folly and weakness, and it must be shaken off at all cost, crushed down to the very bottom of my heart."

He sat down once more, and drawing a paper case towards him, he began to write.

Rapidly and freely his pen ran over the white, unstained paper.

There was no hesitation in his fingers, whatever there might be in his feelings, as he filled once and again the papers before him, and as he finished and folded the sheets, and put them in an envelope that was again sealed and directed with unusual care.

"It is done," he said. "If I live, I can reconsider, and recall the past; if I die, or if I am disabled from further thought or exertion, then it will be

placed fairly and truthfully before her, and the future will be decided, and perhaps for the best; yes, yes, I shall not repent."

Then he examined the various small belongings that are the inseparable accompaniments of a young and high-born man. The letters, the trinkets, the faded gloves, all that could, perhaps, betray any secrets which would be prejudicial to others, however innocent in truth and deed.

And last he took from his case a sprig of shamrock, with an exquisite little trifoliate leaf tied with it, though both seemed somewhat faded and shattered by time, or by some untoward accident.

Lord Ashworth raised it to his lips with a kind of reverent tenderness.

"Noble girl," he murmured. "Noble girl. It is a relic I am not ashamed to preserve; it is no treachery to preserve it as an episode I would never forget. It is so rare to meet with one so pure, so high spirited, and yet so gentle and so feminine. Sweet Thysa Desmond, may Heaven keep thee from harm; I would fain have shielded thee were it not a cold, censorious world would have visited on thee more bitterly than thy tender purity could have borne. And then, and then, poor Hugo will miss my presence in his last hours, if, indeed, he is sensible enough to mourn my absence; yes, at least my life will be of some avail, should it be spared and without dishonour."

Once again he was silent while he concluded his preparations, which went on till the dawn of day warned him that the fatal hour was at hand.

He hastily collected the few remaining trifles that he desired to destroy, and locking up all that remained, he rapidly changed his dress for one more befitting the occasion, and stealing noiselessly down stairs, he unfastened one of the windows that opened on a veranda, and in a few minutes more he was breathing the dull morning air. And after a brisk walk of some ten minutes he entered the park near the obelisk that celebrates the virtues of one of Erin's greatest sons, Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

Gaston had never bestowed much attention before on the handsome testimonial that bears such spontaneous tribute from the countrymen of him to whom it was erected.

But now that it stood out in the glowing light of the rising sun, he could not but bestow a regretful glance as he passed the column.

"Yes," he thought, "his was glory; my fate will be but one who has fallen in an ignominious brawl. But it is too late to think of that now."

And he passed on hastily towards the spot that had been appointed for the meeting, with a step as firm and a mien as proud as if he had never indulged the deeper and sadder reflections which had clouded his last few hours. As he arrived, he perceived the shadow of figures under the thick shelter of the trees, and after one brief pause, one silent, mental prayer, he joined the other tenants of the shaded avenue, and in a few moments the inevitable preparations for the coming contest were commencing, and all hope of any averting the catastrophe at an end.

The birds sang brightly, the trees moaned softly in the morning breeze, the light rays of Phœbus gilded the fair scene, and only man's passions disfigured Heaven's beautiful works.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Please stay with me, Miss Desmond. I dare say it is very silly, but I feel so terribly shaken and nervous that I am sure that I can never rest by myself to-night," said Ericie, pleadingly, when she and her new friend were comfortably established at the Mullingar hotel.

Thysa stooped down and kissed the young brow, that looked still somewhat contracted by pain or nervous alarm.

"I will venture to remain till to-morrow at any rate, Miss Veschi," she replied, after a few minutes' hesitation, "and if you are not better in the morning, I must either write to Lady Maud, or else your papa will make some other arrangements for you," she went on. "I dare not remain longer than to-morrow without her leave—her express permission."

Ericie looked half incredulous at her young self-elected nurse.

"And you really are obliged to go, whether you like it or not, to this same Lady Maud?" she said musingly.

"Certainly," was the answer. "I am at her orders from the time that I promised to go to her governess, and it would not be doing right if I were to disappoint or disobey her directions."

The girl gave an impatient gesture.

"How sorry I am for you, Miss Desmond," she said, softly, "It must be so miserable to be forced to be under such thralldom, and not able to do, and come, and go, as you please. Does it not make you very unhappy and vexed?" she added, questioningly.

Thysa gave a pretty little playful laugh, though her heart was somewhat saddened at the very idea thus suggested.

"Do you think it so very terrible then to be obliged to obey?" she returned. "It is what we all are obliged to do in turn, you know—at any rate all women, and we shall find it necessary to practice ere we die, I rather suspect," she added, with a bright smile that was intended rather to raise her companion's spirits than any spontaneous gaiety of her own heart.

"Oh, but that is all quite different," said the young girl, meditatively, "I should not mind obeying papa, or Brian, perhaps, or if I were to marry, I would obey my husband, unless he wanted me to do anything very outrageous; but I could not bear to be at a stranger's command—I know I could not."

"You will never need to do so, Miss Veschi, but if it were necessary you would find patience, I dare say," replied Thysa, quietly. "It is now you must not talk any more or it will be of no use my remaining with you. Try and shut your eyes, and keep quite quiet for a little time, and very likely you will fall asleep, which will refresh you more than anything that a doctor could devise," she went on, gaily. "You are bound to obey and do credit to my prescription, or I shall have no pretext for staying any longer."

The argument was probably the most cogent that could have been devised by the most cunning and experienced attendant of the sick. Ericie only conditioned that her new friend should not leave her side during her repose, and then, soothed by the certainty of her presence for the next few hours, and fairly exhausted by the day's suffering and alarm, she did at length sink into a light but refreshing sleep. Thysa watched her as she lay, with a half-sad, half-gratified memory of the past, that had certainly more embarrassment than pleasure in its element. Ericie's features, when in repose, certainly recalled those of her brother as he had for so many anxious hours lain in a more hopeless and alarming unconsciousness of all around him.

Perhaps there was more pride and more beauty in the young girl's face than in Brian's frank and kindly countenance, and as she grew older it was more than probable that such qualities would develop yet more strongly than in her present tender years.

But still there was so much resemblance as to bring back the friend of Maurice O'Byrne, the daring orcaean, and the suffering patient, the first lover of her youth.

Yes, she instinctively felt that he was her lover, at least that he had been so once—did she regret that it was not so now? Did she mourn over the check that had been given to the admiration which he had so plainly manifested for her?

It was perhaps a problem to her own heart what were the feelings she entertained for Brian Veschi. But, in any case, she had no doubt whatever as to the wisdom of the decision that had been come to by her deceased father.

No one could be to her more than a friend, while the mystery hung over her birth and her history. She would never bring disgrace on any family, never cast a shadow on the name or the fate of a man whom she could love well enough to take for her wedded husband, and, strangely enough, the image that rose up before her mental view as connected with that memorable time was rather that of the more reserved and less gentle stranger who had assisted in the preservation of Brian's life than of Brian himself.

It might be from the romance that is ever thrown over everything that is but dim and obscure to the view, or else the wilfulness of the young female heart, that such was the case. But the native pride that mingled so strongly with Thysa's gentler nature was alone sufficient to have banished Brian Veschi from any place in her heart.

"Never," was the instinctive reply that rose to her mind, if not to her lips, at the very idea of any such a trial of her firmness. And certainly the demeanour of Sir Hilary was little calculated to soften or remove such impressions from her thoughts.

A light tap at the door startled her from the reverie.

Thysa rose hastily to prevent any intrusions on her young charge's slumbers, and the next moment she opened the door to the very object of her reflections, the stern old baronet himself.

He entered into the apartment where his young daughter was resting, and advanced into the room, in spite of Thysa's upraised finger to warn him from such disturbance of the invalid's repose.

"Pardon me, Miss Desmond," he said, in a quieter, softer tone than he had yet addressed her. "I cannot rest without seeing my heart's darling—my only treasure, before leaving her to your care for the night."

The tears rushed involuntarily into the eyes of the orphan at the words, that reminded her so forcibly

of her own deceased parent, and her heart softened towards the stern old man at this proof of his paternal love, whatever might be his more repulsive qualities.

"Miss Vesici is not ill, I believe—I hope," she said, gently. "It is only a shock to the nerves, that requires rest and soothing; I am sure there can be no other injury."

"No; but then I am helpless to a certain extent, where that is needed," replied the old baronet, hesitatingly. "Miss Desmond, I feel that I am taking a great liberty with you as a stranger in detaining you thus for my own comfort and relief. But if you will favour me by remaining till I can summon some of my own people from Rosanne to meet us here I shall take care that you shall not suffer either in expense or the favour of your patroness, and I should think no return too great for the service."

Thyra's spirit rose immediately at the tone, which was rather that due to a domestic or a hired nurse than to a lady to whom he was indebted in no ordinary degree already.

"You are very kind, Sir Hilary," she said, with an unwonted dignity in her air, "very kind in your confidence and your intentions, but if it is really a matter of necessity that Miss Vesici should not be left alone, I should gladly remain if Lady Maud will not be inconvenienced by the delay; as to any expense—I should be quite repaid by having been of any service to your daughter I would not stay on any other conditions."

Sir Hilary's eyes were fixed attentively on her as she spoke, with a dreamy questioning in their gaze.

"You speak with some independence, young lady," he answered, with a tone of injured annoyance. "It is not my habit to receive any benefit without a return, especially when I perceive from your very position as to Lady Maud Tracy that you are dependent on your own exertions for your support. I shall certainly insist on making a proper acknowledgement of your service to Miss Vesici. May I ask if your parents are living?" he added, questioningly.

"They are not. I am an orphan," she said, coldly. "But it matters not even to me, and my position, Sir Hilary. I have already consented to remain here till to-morrow, for which the railway accident itself is certainly quite a sufficient excuse. If Miss Vesici is really ill in the morning I will myself write to Lady Maud, and place my decision in her hands, as to any further delay. And now, may I venture to ask you to withdraw, Sir Hilary? your daughter is already disturbed by our voices, I can perceive, and it is of the greatest consequence that she should have unbroken rest."

And she calmly opened the door for the astonished old baronet's exit.

(To be continued.)

WAIT AND HOPE.

YES, wait and hope. This world is full of trouble, full of disappointment, as well all know, but there is after all no folly so great as that of ceasing to invite the smiles of hope, not only because her pleasures are so sweet; but also because while we live there must always be some good, as well as some sorrow, awaiting us.

We can no more stand still in life than we can turn back. When we have no desire to go on, invisible forces are at work to compel us to do so. There are things we must do; people we must meet; events that will occur to us. We cannot believe that the deeds will all be such as we must regret, the events all sorrowful ones, the new acquaintances all enemies.

And since we may do good, and have good done to us—since true hearts may meet ours, though we to-day do not so much as know that they beat—what may we not hope?

Your home may be cold and dark, but it is not because the sun does not shine. It only needs a hand to open the door, and put aside the curtain, to let in warmth and light. So, any moment the shut doors of your life may open, and earth's sunshine fall across your heart. Wait, and hope; it is only that the angel whose mission it is to do this dears for a little on the road.—M. K. D.

REMARKABLE DREAM.—A dignitary of the Church of England, of rank and reputation, furnishes the editor of "Glimpses of the Supernatural" with the following remarkable dream, which occurred to himself. "My brother had left London for the country to preach and speak on behalf of a certain Church Society, to which he was officially attached. He was in his usual health, and I was therefore in no special anxiety about him. One night my wife woke me, finding that I was sobbing in my sleep, and asked me what it was. I said 'I have been to

a strange place in my dream. It was a small village, and I went up to the door of an inn. A stout woman came to the door. I said to her, 'Is my brother here?' She said, 'No sir, he is gone.' 'Is his wife here?' I went on to inquire. 'No sir—but his widow is.' Then the distressing thought upon me that my brother was dead; and I awoke sobbing. A few days after I was summoned suddenly into the country. My brother, returning from Huntingdon, had been attacked with angina pectoris; and the pain was so intense that they left him at Caxton—a small village in the diocese of Ely—to which place on the following day he summoned his wife; and the next day, while they were seated together, she heard a sigh and he was gone. When I reached Caxton, it was the very same village to which I had gone in my dream. I went to the same house was met and let in by the same woman, and found my brother dead, and his widow there."

THE LION'S ILLNESS.

THE lion once was ill, 'tis said,
And when the news had widely spread,
All animals of feet or wing
Called on him in his suffering;
But one who knew the lion's woe—
The cunning jackal—wouldn't go;
Because, as far as he could learn,
The tracks which went did not return.

So him the hyena accused,
And told the lion he refused
Alone of every living thing
To feel his lordship's suffering.

Then said the lion: "If 'tis so,
I wish, my friend, that you would go,
And, though you chase him for a year,
Bring the hard-hearted jackal here."

When this the hyena had done,
The lion to his guest began:
"Oh, jackal, why, when I was ill,
Did you keep off so far and still?"

"I did not, uncle, on my word;
For when your sore distress I heard
Unto the doctor swift I flew
To see what he could do for you;
Besides I did not go in vain—
He told me what would ease your pain.
He says: 'Draw this hyena's skin,
And when 'tis off get quickly in;
Health will be yours if you do so,
For this hyena is your foe.'"

Then jumped the lion in a trice
To take the jackal's shrewd advice,
And, while his sheriff's skin he stripped,
To be in its warm folds equipped,
The jackal ran with all his might
And very soon was out of sight.

J. B.

ONE HALF-DAY.

"Now, mother, if Mr. Savage has the money for me, I am going to give little Francis and you a treat."

"What are you going to do, dear?"

"Well, I shall pay that bill at Russell's, order our groceries, and then hire a trap and have a good ride."

And the speaker was evidently elated at the prospect.

But the mother said, gravely:

"I am afraid we cannot afford it, Sadie."

"Yes, we can; I worked very hard this week with this plan in view, and I earned something extra. I feel as if a ride would do me good; don't I look thin, mother?"

And Sadie shrugged her plump shoulders as she placed her hat on her dainty little head preparatory to her walk.

Mrs. Farnshaw smiled and shook her head.

"Good-bye, mother! Expect me back in half an hour or more, in grand style."

"Good-bye, dear," said the widow, fondly.

Sadie Farnshaw proceeded directly to the lawyer's office where she obtained copying, and, not finding Mr. Savage in, she sat down to await his return.

Sadie was not remarkably good-looking, but she had soft brown eyes and one of the sweetest little mouths in the world; and as she sat there drumming idly on the window-sill with her dimpled fingers she made a very pretty picture indeed, or at least Mr. Savage thought so as he came into his office in his hurried business manner and paused to take in the whole sweet picture before Sadie started from her reverie and greeted him with a bright smile. As soon as she had made known her request to him he said:

"Certainly, Miss Sadie; you should have had it

last night had I not forgotten it," and he counted out the money into her hand.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Savage. Oh, I forgot! When will you have any more work for me?"

"Well, Miss Sadie, I don't know exactly—ahem! Will you be at home this eve? I can tell better then. May I call?"

"Certainly, sir."

With another nod Sadie disappeared through the door, and to the lawyer it seemed as if a ray of sunshine had vanished from his presence; for this sweet, helpful little girl had made great inroads into the old bachelor's heart, and he had made up his mind that he could not do without her, and had determined that this evening should not pass without his offering his heart and hand to sweet Sadie Farnshaw.

But we must hasten to overtake Sadie, who, as she left the office, executed her errands promptly; then, giving her order at a livery stables, she was soon whirling off toward home, managing the iron-gray with quite a masterly hand; for Sadie was quite an enthusiast on the subject of horses, and, while her father was living, and they kept horses of their own, scarcely a day passed unless she had a ride or a drive; but now that she had to help eke out her mother's slender income, there was neither time nor money to spend in the indulgence of this enjoyment.

The ride was a pleasant one, and when Sadie returned the vehicle, and paid for the use of it, she felt that she had derived pleasure enough to amply repay her for her extra labour during the week.

After tea was over, and cleared away, Sadie made a fire in the parlour; then, going to her own room, she smoothed her hair, fastened a dainty blue tie to the spotless linen collar, and came down in time to greet Mr. Savage as her mother opened the door to admit him.

"What can he want?" thought Sadie, as she conducted the lawyer into the parlour.

So thought Mrs. Farnshaw, as she noticed his absent manner and preoccupied looks.

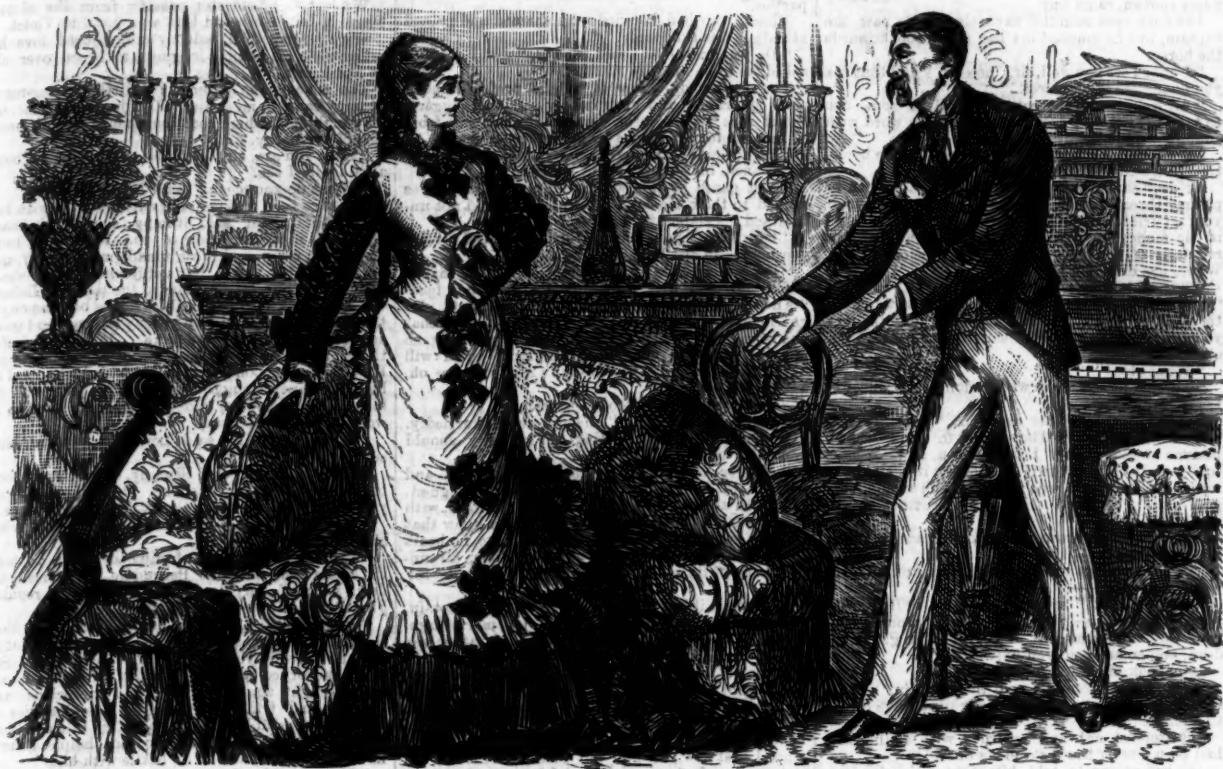
"I think his business is with Sadie, and so I will leave them alone while I put Frankie to bed," she thought, and, excusing herself, the widow took the little girl by the hand and left the room.

We will leave also, dear reader, as a third person in a conversation of this kind is woefully neglected. Suffice it to say that when Mrs. Farnshaw returned she found the lawyer sitting very close indeed to her daughter, and she is not certain to this day that his arm was not around her; but the room was poorly lighted, and her eyes were not as good as they were once.

When Mr. Savage told her how much he loved her daughter and wanted her for his own, the widow was considerably astonished—so much so, in fact, that she could find no objection to offer; and Sadie, when she laid her head on her pillow that night thought she was the happiest girl in the world and that this was the very happiest day in her life. She wondered how so wise a man as Mr. Savage had fallen in love with her when so many handsomer girls doted upon him; and then she went into raptures all to herself over his splendid black eyes, and thought of how she had always respected and admired him above all other men; and then, thinking how much she loved him, went to sleep with such a sweet smile of contentment on her face that the widow paused at her bedside and offered up a prayer in behalf of her beloved daughter who so well deserved her happiness.

THE Temple authorities have commenced the long-talked-of series of additions known in the Act of Parliament obtained by that body as the "Harcourt and Plowden Buildings Extension Improvements." The buildings will be of the late Renaissance style of architecture, and of Portland stone, with a frontage to the Embankment of 130 ft., and will, in addition to forming a marked feature from the river, have the effect of hiding the unsightly structure whose accommodation it is purposed so materially to augment.

GROWING OLD.—How strangely our ideas of growing old change as we get on in life! To the girl in her teens the riper maiden of twenty-five seems quite aged. Twenty-two thinks thirty-five an "old thing." Thirty-five dreads forty, but congratulates herself that there may still remain some ground to be possessed in the fifteen years before the half century shall be attained. But fifty does not by any means give up the battle of life. It feels middle-aged and vigorous, and thinks old age is a long way in the future. Sixty remembers those who have done great things at threescore; and one doubts if Parr, when he was married at one hundred, had at all begun to feel himself an old man. It is the desire of life in us which makes us feel young so long.



THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

BY
CHARLES GARVICE,
AUTHOR OF

"Only Country Love," "The Gipsy Peer," "Fickle Fortune," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A shadow of vague fear still clouds my life,
Impalpable as air, yet weighing down
My soul with terror.

Masinger.

WHILE Bertie—happy, lucky Bertie—was standing at the altar with his darling Ethel's hand in his Howard Murpoint, Esq., and Mr. Wilhelm Smythe were driving through up the avenue to Coombe Lodge.

Howard Murpoint's luck had never deserted him since he had entered the drawing-room of the Park that night of the dinner party. Everything had been smooth sailing.

He had conquered, so to speak, the whole world. He was rich, influential; he held the happiness, the fate of many in his hands; his brain was full of plots and schemes for his own advancement and others' ruin and discomfiture. Never, since the world began to wag, had the Evil One found a cleverer and more sympathetic servant, for Howard Murpoint, the gentleman, the member of parliament, the influential capitalist, was merciless, avaricious, cunning, and—superstitious. Yes, clever as he was, strong as he was, this was his weakness. He believed in luck; he was superstitious, and he felt a presentiment that the first stroke of bad luck would be the beginning of something more dreadful.

But to-day, as he dropped from his horse, which a groom had sprung forward to hold, he felt no presentiment, and the calm, cool smile which he threw to the nervous Mr. Wilhelm Smythe was one of supreme confidence.

"Be calm, my dear fellow," he whispered, as they were ushered into the drawing-room by the obsequious servant. "You will be the husband of Lady Ethel, and I shall win that twenty thousand pounds before a month has passed."

As he spoke Lady Lackland entered.

Shaking hands with the two, she said, with a troubled look upon her face:

"Did you meet Fitz and Ethel? They have gone for a ride, and should have gone your way."

"No," said the captain, with a smile. "We lost that pleasure."

Mr. Smythe sighed.

[VIOLET'S INDIGNATION.]

"No," he said. "I wish we had, but—but I'm almost glad, for it gives me an opportunity, Lady Lackland, for putting my request. I have come down with my friend—he has indeed been a friend to me—to ask you to persuade Lady Ethel to name an early day for our—our wedding—"

At that moment the door opened and the earl entered.

His face was dark as night, and his lips working with some emotion; he held a letter in his hand, and when he saw the two men he, by a great effort, set his lips with a rigid smile and tried to conceal the letter with a hasty movement.

"Something has happened!" exclaimed the countess.

"Not to Lady Ethel!" almost shrieked Mr. Smythe.

The earl smiled with despair.

"Read what!" he cried, thrusting the letter into countess' hands.

She read it aloud, with a puzzled air at first which rapidly gave place to a shriek of despair and rage.

MY DEAR FATHER,

"By the time this reaches you Ethel and I shall be at Wivlehurst. Bertie Fairfax goes with us with a special licence in his pocket, and he and Ethel will be married, all well, to-day."

"Forgive me my share in the affair, and remember that it is the first time since their birth that your children have dared to show that they have wills and hearts of their own!"

"Your affectionate son,

FITZ.

There was a moment's silence, which was broken by a hoarse cry of disappointment and misery.

It came from Smythe.

With an oath he sprang at the captain and seized him by the throat.

"You villain! You've tricked me! You planned all this, you scoundrel! You did! You did! You have sold me, but I'll sell you! I'll have the money, or your infernal life!"

The captain struggled and fought to free himself from his dup's grasp, but he could not, and Mr. Wilhelm Smythe, nervous and goaded to madness, pushed the earl and his servants aside and dragged Mr. Murpoint into the hall.

"Now," he hissed in his ear, "get out your cheque book and write me a cheque for twenty thousand pounds, or I'll kill you! I'll do worse; I'll publish the story and the bet in every club in London! I'd hear you thought to get the better of me, to play the idiot and hold me up to ridicule, but you

shan't! you shan't! I'll have the money, the money, or I'll crush you!"

"Silence!" hissed the captain, glancing round at the astonished group of guests and servants. "Come outside," and he in turn half-dragged and half-led the unfortunate man into the courtyard.

"I'll give you the cheque to-morrow."

"Now, now! this moment, or I'll split all!" cried Smythe, and with an oath he darted his hand in the captain's face.

Howard Murpoint's eyes grew dark, but he saw that his pale as death. Fear ran in his heart, for he saw that his first ill-luck had set in.

"Confound you!" he cried, "you shall have it! I'll give you a hundred thousand pounds to be rid of such a madman," and with a shaking hand he took a cheque from his book and filled it in.

Mr. Smythe snatched it from his hand, glanced at it with blood-shot eyes, and leaped upon his horse which he had shouted for as he came into the yard.

The captain looked round, and murmuring something like:

"He's mad, not safe! I must follow him!" called for his own horse and rode off likewise.

His face was a study for a picture of the fiend, disappointed and checkmated.

"Married!" he muttered, hoarsely. "Married! I have been tricked—tricked! And I have given him bills in full for twenty thousand pounds. I'll stop the cheque!" And with an oath he drove his spurs into the horse's sides and urged it on.

The animal reared and tore forward. He spurred it again and again, and reached the station in time to see the train, which was bearing Mr. Smythe to town, steam away from the platform. It was his first failure, and his bold, bad heart misgave him.

The next train did not start for three hours, and after a few moments' reflection the schemer turned his horse's head towards Penraddie.

"I'll give the rogues a look up!" he muttered, with an angry snarl. "They showed some disposition to rebel. I'll cow them!"

He reached Penraddie, and the first thing he noticed was a group of men lounging at the door of the "Blue Lion."

They glanced up at him as he pulled up and scowled, but not one raised his hand to his cap, or gave him good morning.

The captain's face grew dark, and his voice was harsh and stern as he said:

"Can any of you men tell me where the carrier, Job, is to be found?"

One man jerked his finger over his head towards

the house, and at that moment Job, hearing his name spoken, came out.

His dark eyes twinkled savagely as he saw the captain, but he touched his hat and came towards the horse.

"I hope I see you well, sir," he said, "and that the young and old lady be well."

"All well," said the captain. "Send some one to take the horse to the stable; I want a word with you, Job, aside."

Job nodded, beckoned to a man to take the horse, and then followed the captain into the parlour.

"Now," said the captain, "I have come down to put my threat into execution. I am going to punish you, my friend, and all the men with you. Where is the money? Where is the share I was to have regularity of the profits out of your precious trade? Where are they, I ask?"

"There ain't any, captain," said Job, anxiously. "The men won't work; they say if you want all the profit, you may do the work, and take the risk yourself. 'Sides, they're cantankerous, captain, about another maiden."

"What else?"

"They want to know what's done with Maester Leicester."

"What?" gasped the captain. "Actually sentimental, are they? They want to know what's become of that idiot? I can tell you, and I'd have told you six months ago if I'd thought it would have interested you! He's gone where all such as he should go—out of the world! He's dead, rotting at the bottom of the sea!"

Job's face grew grave and sorrowful, and he shook his head sadly.

"I do hope there was no foul play, captain. He was a good sort—"

"For an idiot!" said the captain. "But spare your lamentations; you can go into mourning if you want to do that sort of thing. I'm glad he's dead, and so are you, you hypocrite."

Job shook his head and sighed.

"Fetch Sanderson," said the captain, after a moment's pause, and with the air of a slave owner to a slave.

Job stepped out and returned with Willie, who had been among those standing outside.

Job had evidently told him that Leicester was dead, for Willie's face was cool, as well as sullen.

"Sanderson," said the captain, "you are a good fellow and no fool, or I am much mistaken. What does this mean with the man? Do they refuse to run the gauntlet?"

"We do," said Willie, sullenly.

The captain took up his hat.

"Then I'll waste no more time. I'll give them a week to think about it, and then—well, if you don't be in gaol every mother's son of you, it will be no fault of mine."

He went out as he spoke, glared savagely at the men at the door, and mounting his horse, rode off.

That night he returned to town, and although clerks and secretaries, detectives and spies, his servants and tools, were waiting to see him, he would see none, but went straight to his own room, which was double-locked and guarded.

He threw himself into a chair, covering his face with his hands, and thinking deeply.

Was his luck on the turn? If so, then it behoved him to bring matters on and make himself secure.

He reviewed his position, and scanned, mentally, his numerous plots, and at last, as the dawn broke over the city, he had decided upon a course of action.

After a slight rest, during which he slept the peaceful sleep of an innocent child, he dressed himself with scrupulous care, and went down to the Mildmay's house.

"Was Miss Mildmay up yet?" he asked.

The servant took him to Violet's drawing-room, where Violet sat, a letter in her hand, and a thoughtful and pained, yet glad, expression on her face.

She rose as he entered.

"I am so glad you have come," she said, wearily, but with a smile. "I have just had a letter," and she held up the open envelope.

"And I have some news," he said, "or I would not have intruded so early."

"Perhaps you know it," he added, with grave face. "Lady Ethel Boisdale and Mr. Fairfax have eloped."

"Yes," said Violet, with a sigh. "It is all so sudden and—and what is strange, Lord Boisdale has accompanied them."

"It is strange and most dishonourable," said Howard Murpoint. "For Mr. Fairfax to forget or ignore honesty is one thing; but for Lord Fitz Boisdale to lend himself to an underhanded and dishonourable course is quite another. Lackland is in the deepest grief; Lord Lackland is stricken down with affliction, and, of course, my dear Violet, you will shew your disapproval of the scandalous

affair by withdrawing your friendship from both parties."

Violet, who had listened with shamed and pained attention, flushed deeply.

"Do you know," she said, slowly, "that Lord Fitz asked me to be his wife?"

The captain did know it, but he professed complete ignorance, and grew deadly pale and haggard. Violet rose with alarm, but he stopped her from calling out for assistance by grasping her arm.

"Do not call—give me time. Oh Violet! Violet!" he groaned, hiding his face in his hands.

Violet gazed at him with her deep, mournful eyes opened to their utmost. At present she did not understand his elaborate action.

"How have I pained you?" she measured. "Do you not like Lord Boisdale?"

"Do you love him?" he retorted, suddenly, gazing searchingly and with quivering lips into her face. "Answer me, I implore you, dear, dear Violet! Do you love him? If you say yes; if you tell me that you have given your heart to him, I will say no more; I will leave you—leave England, and I will pray that you may be happy! Answer me, oh, answer me!"

Violet trembled and looked troubled.

"I do not understand," she measured, hurriedly. "Why should you leave England? Why should you leave me?"

"Answer me first," he replied, breathily, and with fearful earnestness, partly real, partly feigned.

"I will answer, and truthfully," said Violet, with low falsetto. "I do not love him; you know that my love is buried for ever, and that I have no heart to give. My hand would have been his, all unworthy of its acceptance as it is but—just—for this."

"I forbid it! I forbid it!" cried the captain, grasping her arm. "You shall not marry him, Violet, if you do not love him. I would rather see you in your grave than the wife of Fitz Boisdale! Oh, Violet, forgive me this wildness, but you do not know the state of my heart. Violet, I love you!" he added, rapidly, in answer to the look of deep and painful concern cast upon Violet's beautiful face. "I love you, and have loved you since I first saw you—do not turn from me! I am not worthy of you, but at least I love you for yourself alone. Can he—can that foolish boy say that? I am rich; he is poor. His family is ruined, and he seeks in a marriage with you but the means whereby to rebuild his crushed fortunes. Do not speak!"

He continued, eagerly, leading her to a sofa, and leaning over her where she sat, silent, motionless, as if under a spell. "I know it to be true, for I have heard him own it. I have heard the earl speculate on it; the very money-lenders are waiting for it, that they may seize upon the wealth which you will bring him!"

"It is false!" said Violet, starting to her feet, "It cannot be true!"

"It is; see here," he replied, rapidly, and with lessened yet telling earnestness he reasoned and convinced her.

Then she sank upon the couch and covered her face with her hands, sobbing violently. "Are all men base and vile?" she cried. "Oh, where can I turn to find the true and the real? Where, where?"

"Here!" exclaimed Howard Murpoint, touching his breast, and speaking in a soft, soothing, almost paternal tenderness. "Here is succour and safety, dear Violet. I do not ask you to love me; that I cannot expect, until I have proved, as long, my undying devotion to you! I do not ask you anything else but the right to protect you from the worthless adventurer and mercenary rogue. Oh, Violet, if you could but know that it was—your dear father's—last wish that we should be united. He would, had he lived, pleaded for me more eagerly than I can dare plead for myself. Will you not listen to his voice, which, though dead, speaks through me, and be mine. Come to me, Violet, my own, my darling! Let me be your protector, worshipper, husband!"

Violet struggled to rise, but he had koelt, in his eagerness, on her dress. She felt faint, swooning, charmed, and thoroughly overcome. She dropped, and fell back.

"Say yes! Say you will be mine. Say you will let me guide and protect you!" he whispered, tenderly.

"Perhaps you know it," he added, with grave face. "Lady Ethel Boisdale and Mr. Fairfax have eloped."

"Yes," said Violet, with a sigh. "It is all so sudden and—and what is strange, Lord Boisdale has accompanied them."

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CHAPTER XLVII.

We last saw Leicester passing from the alcove where he had overheard Fitz's proposal to Violet.

With a tempest of jealousy and injured love he returned to his humble lodgings, to brood over all he had heard.

The moment he entered the little sitting-room Stumpy came to meet him, a smile of welcome on his rough face, which soon lengthened to an expression of sympathy.

"Here you are, sir," he said; "and you've been at it again, I see."

"What do you mean?" said Leicester.

"You've been making yourself unhappy with the old folks again," said Stumpy, shaking his head. "I know it by the look o' ye. Now, I've been among old folks, and it ain't made me unhappy, not a bit o' it; but there, that's different. Come, cheer up, sir," and he drew a chair to the table for Leicester, who sank into it wearily. "I've been amongst the old folks, sir, and I've got my advice—and good enough it is, and no mistake. It's a wonderful thing, it is, how we drop upon lucky meetings. How this afternoon I met an old friend who used to be in our line—smugglin', you know, sir—and be blessed if he didn't just give me a regular hint as is worth a bed half-grown."

"What was it?" said Leicester, rousing himself.

"Just this here," said Stumpy, setting some food before Leicester as he spoke. "But I shan't tell you if you don't eat, sir. Come, just to please me."

"And myself too," said Leicester, "for I am sick and hungry."

"What this old friend of mine advises is to take the whole gang down at Peardridge by storm. Go down youself, only dead and alive again—a regular ghost, you know—and work upon 'em."

"I see," said Leicester, sadly. "A good idea, but there still remains another and a woman friend to defeat. Have you propose to overcome this villain who has worked all this mischief? I have seen him to-night again, Stumpy, and victorious and wealthy and triumphant—ruling the destinies of those I love, and holding them in his talons. Now I am fragile and helpless—no, not helpless, for I have you, my friend—to do battle with him."

"I should like to see this great gentleman," mused Stumpy. "I've a sort o' curiosity to see a man who works the oracle so nicely as he does. When can I see him, gav' nor?"

"What use your seeing him?" asked Leicester, almost impatiently. "You cannot help me there, my good friend. I am grateful for your intentions, but this is no common rogue, no simple fisherman, but a man—"

"A regular out-and-outter," said Stumpy, softly. "A chap as has done the job and got the ready, and made a good thing of it. I should like to see him."

"You can," said Leicester, very coolly. "You can see him in another hour," looking at the clock.

"If you care to mix in a crowd and watch and hang about for him. There will be plenty to tell you his name and point him out. His name is Howard Murpoint."

"Harm!" said Stumpy. "I don't mind a crowd, master. I've been in a good many. I've faced one as I don't want to see again, and that was at the Old Bailey."

He gazed at Leicester as he spoke, and muttered:

"I'll keep him alive and jaw to him, just to keep his thoughts away. They're black enough to-night."

"Yes, that was awkward, master, that was, to see the judge and all the other fellows in wigs a-

staring you out of countenance, and a trying to make you out was than you was. And to think when they gives me transportation for life! for life! that I didn't deserve it, and should never have had it but for another man."

"Another man?" repeated Leicester, half-unconsciously.

"Ah!" said Stumpy, delighted to say that he had drawn Leicester from his thoughts, and throwing himself down upon the hearthrug with his knees up to his nose, so that he might continue his tale more comfortably and with his face turned from Leicester. "Yes all through another person. I was honest enough till I met him. I was a costermonger, a steady chap, as costers go, and I got my living, and was tolerably comfortable; but you see I was a bit proud, and they says as pride is alins one too many for you. I was very strong in the arm. Look here, gav' nor." He broke off, jumping up and seizing the poker; "I can bend that poker in two—so, and he did it, dropping on to the floor again, as if there had been no interruption.

"I was very strong, and I could do a' most anything with my arms, like a monkey; and I was, of course, very much given to dropping into pubs.

Sometimes they'd ask me in a friendly way to show 'em a few tricks, and I used to—such as knokin' a

man from one end o' the room to the other with a little tap on the nose, or lifting six chairs slung together with my elbow, and pleasin' things o' that sort. One night I was showin' off in this manner at a small pub in Whitechapel, and when they was closing and I was going home, very much the worse for liquor, a chap comes to me all soft and smooth, and asks me if I'd join a little party as was goin' on at his house. I said I would, and I went with him, and he was the pleasantest-spoken chap you ever see, with a soft voice like musical snuff-box, and a pair o' eyes as looked through you and made you do what they liked. Well, I went with him and joined his party. They was all different to him, though he warn't dressed any better than the likes o' us, but I know'd some on 'em for bein' no better than they should be, but I'd never seen him before. And his friends, when they had all got friendly like, they calls him 'General,' and whispers and nods their heads at me. O' course I see somethin' was up, and I warn't much took about when this general, in a pretty little whisper, asks me to join his friends in a little joke on a gentleman's house in the country. I was half-drunk—I swear I was, sir—and I yielded. They wanted me, being so strong in the arm, to do some climbing, and when I'd said I'd join 'em they never let me out o' their sight. Day and night that general was always in the way, purring like a cat, and 'ticing the others on. Oh! he was a false-boned 'un, he was. Well, to cut a long story short, we does the trick, or very nearly. I spoilt it. You see, they'd made me nearly drunk before we start ed, and when it came to holding on to a window-creatin' for ten minutes, half-drunk, I failed it. I come down with a run, made a splatter, and give the alarm. We was caught, every man o' us—one with a broken leg. Then there was the trial, and then the general showed his teeth. He wasn't soft-spoken them, to be sure. He turned on us all in his defence, and ruined us. He was so savage it should all a' been spoilt, and him there in the dock, through me, just in the most natural, mournful sort o' way possible he pitched a tale about me being the ring-leader and drawin' the rest in, that the jury gives me as much as it does him—transportation for life! That was my only affair, master, excepting the smuggling, and I was drove to that.

Leicester nodded.

"And you escaped?" he said.

"Yes," nodded Stumpy, with a laugh, "and there I was luckier than the general. He made a shy at it, killed a man in the attempt, but him and another chap as tried it with him was drowned off the coast. Drowned in the pitch dark! It warn't a pleasant ending but it was better than he deserved, for of all the false, smooth-faced villains he was the worst."

Leicester seemed lost in thought. He roused suddenly and looked up at the timepiece.

"If you want to see the most successful man and the greatest rogue in London to-night, or rather this morning, you must be quick, my friend. Light your pipe and run away. While you are gone I will turn over your friend's advice, for I think I see a chance of adopting it."

"I'm off," said Stumpy, and after Leicester had directed him to the mansion he started.

It was the night of the great ball.

Fitz had made his proposal and gone home, before Stumpy had reached the house and taken up his position in the shadow of the huge portico.

The guests were coming out, and for awhile Stumpy almost forgot the object of his watch in his admiration for and astonishment at the dresses and jewels. But suddenly a footman's voice called "Mrs. Mildmay" and Mr. Murpoint's carriage, and Stumpy was suddenly aroused to a sense of his purpose.

Crouching unseen against the iron railings he could see the face of every individual as it came out into the bright light pouring from the gas lamps at the door.

In twos and threes the brilliantly dressed people came out talking, laughing, and gathering their cloaks and wraps round them.

Presently there was a little excitement in the crowd of footmen and two, or three in handsome liveries called out, "Make way, make way," and Stumpy staring with all his might saw an old lady descending the staircase leaning on the arm of a tall gentleman.

"That's the earl and Mrs. Mildmay," said a footman, who had been telling the names of the various guests to a friend near him. "And here comes Mr. Murpoint, the M.P.—great man, you know—with Miss Mildmay, the heiress, on his arm. Get out of the way; he don't like a crowd round the door—Here he comes."

As he spoke the dark handsome face of Howard Murpoint came to the light.

Violet was leaning on his arm her pale face more sad and dreamy than usual.

They stepped on to the light, and Stumpy stared

for a moment, then sprang forward so close to the railings that he struck his nose a severe blow.

He stared with open mouth and distended eyes, as if he were going into a fit, and as the great individual passed him—so closely as to touch him with his clothes—he gasped for breath, and dashing the perspiration from his face, muttered hoarsely and with an air of the most tremendous amazement.

"It's the general!"

Then he set off running as hard as he could and did not stop until he had burst into the sitting-room of Leicester's lodgings.

He found Leicester dead asleep on his chair, his head resting upon his arms on the table.

The sight of his exhausted master somewhat subdued Stumpy's excitement, and as he stared down at him thoughtfully he made a resolution not to communicate his discovery to his master too suddenly.

So when Leicester awoke he said:

"Been asleep, sir? Quite right. To my knowledge you haven't slept a wink for three nights."

"Well," said Leicester, "have you seen him?"

"Yes, I have," said Stumpy, evading Leicester's glance, "and a very handsome man he is. Lord! he looks as innocent as a lamb and as sweet as a sucking-pig! Quite the swell, sir; all the flusters made as much fuss as if it was the Emperor of Boosilia coming out to his carriage."

"Ay," said Leicester, "the wicked flourish now-a-days, Stumpy; it is bad policy to be honest. Even your friends cannot forgive you that; see how all mine have forgotten me! If I had done anything bad enough they would have remembered me, but I was passing honest and so—but no matter. I have been thinking over your advice and I am determined to adopt it. Look on that table, there is a letter addressed to a solicitor whom I used to know. He was an honest man, and we shall want an honest man to help us. To-morrow you shall take that to his office, and then we'll start off to Penraddis. If we win and succeed it will not be for the last time, but if we fail I shall act sail for the Tropics and leave England for evermore to the rogues who rule it."

The next morning the eminent and respectable Mr. Thaxton received a short—a very short—and very mysterious letter.

"DEAR SIR,

"If you have any desire to learn more of the mystery of Fentudde you may satisfy your curiosity to some extent by meeting the writer of this letter at the ruined chapel in Mildmay Park. Should you decide to come make your way there to-morrow night unseen and conceal yourself behind the middle pillar near the turret where you may see and hear much that will astonish and enlighten you."

The letter was unsigned and the handwriting was a strange one to Mr. Thaxton.

He sat and turned the letter over several times, re-read and re-read it, and at last he muttered:

"I know that mystery would turn up again. I feel certain of it, and here it is. I will go."

Thereupon he rang the office-bell and issued an order for the packing of his travelling-case.

That next day the Penraddis train bore three passengers important to this history—Mr. Thaxton, Leicester, and Stumpy.

Leicester saw Mr. Thaxton alight and knew that his let or had taken effect; he carefully avoided the keen eyes of the old lawyer, and he and Stumpy cut across a field near the station and left the village behind them.

Towards mid-day Stumpy cut out towards the village and found a boy loafing about. He gave him a letter for Job, the carrier, and told him to take it him and give it him quietly.

The lad, delegated with a sixpence, tore off, and soon slipped into Job's hand this note:

"Be at the old chapel to-night at midnight."

Job read it and asked the boy who had given it to him.

The lad told him a gentleman, and described Stumpy.

Job at once concluded that the captain had disguised himself, and determined to obey the mysterious missive.

The night fell dark and cheerless.

Towards midnight Mr. Thaxton carefully picked his way to the old chapel, and, not without sundry shudders and quakings, took up his place behind the central pillar.

For some time the silence and awful solitude of the place was unbroken save by the whizz of the bat and the subdued screech of the owl.

Mr. Thaxton began to grow cold and shivery, and had almost decided to return to the inn when a slight noise attracted his attention and he saw a light approaching.

It was carried by a short man, whom he at once,

by the aid of the light, distinguished as Job, the carrier.

Here, at least, was something tangible and corroborative of the letter.

He dared scarcely breathe, so eagerly curious was he, and he watched Job, who looked round cautiously, and at length seated himself upon the tomb and shaded his lantern.

Midnight struck in solemn, monotonous tones, and immediately there appeared a blue, misty light from among the pillars.

Job started to his feet with an oath.

"Come, no larks with me, lads!" he said, savagely.

"This is a whale game!"

The words died out on his lips, for as the light approached nearer it disclosed the form of the long-lost Leicester Dodson.

There was his pale face and lank hair, all dripping with water, sea weed clung to his white shroud and hung at his elbows.

He looked as if he had just risen from his watery grave.

Job's knees shook and he fell to the ground; the spirit drew nearer and scowled down upon him with fierce eyes, which glowed like fire from the chalky-hued cheeks. Job's fear grew almost to madness. Here was a ghost indeed! One to make his heart quake and his soul shudder to its innermost core.

"Master Leicester!" he gasped. "Master Leicester! I have mercy on my soul! Have mercy!"

The fearful words rolled through the chapel, and the ghost seemed to hear them, for in a sepulchral voice, it formed the word, "Confess!"

"I will, I will," gasped Job. "I'll confess all—before a magistrate! Master Leicester, dear Master Leicester—oh, Heaven how terrible! Oh, Master Leicester! I didn't think you'd be drowned! I'd never a done! I'll confess all! I'll confess what I've seen, I'll tell how the captain put the paper in the old bureau! I see him do it—I see him and Jem Starling; and I know who killed Jem! I know! I know! Oh, Master Leicester, have mercy on a live man and I'll tell all!"

"Confess!" said the ghostly voice.

"I will," said Job. "I'm a smuggler, we are all smugglers, but the captain is the chief; he drives us to it and takes the money—oh, mercy, Master Leicester!—and knows a secret way through the dead squire's room to the beach! The captain knows! and the captain sent you away, Master Leicester, and murdered you as he did Jem Starling. Spare me, Master Leicester and I'll tell all if they bring me for it. I've meant to do it many a time, but now your ghost has come I'll do it, or you'd never leave me! Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!"

"Confess!" said the ghost, drawing near.

"I will! I will!" screamed Job, and then he fell face downwards upon the earth in a swoon of horror.

At that moment two figures sprang out from the darkness.

One was Stumpy with a lantern, the other Mr. Thaxton.

Both rushed at the prostrate man, over whom the ghost was bending.

Stumpy seized Job, Mr. Thaxton seized the ghost, and commenced tearing off its shroud.

"Stop!" said a voice. "Stay your hand, Mr. Thaxton. I am indeed Leicester Dodson."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Thaxton, falling back with astonishment. "What! you alive!" and then he snatched at the linen-bandaged hand, and shook it like a madman.

"Yes, me," said Leicester, with a thrill of triumph and exultation in his voice. "I have not come back to the world a moment too soon," he added, significantly. "You have heard this man's confession."

"I have," said Mr. Thaxton.

"And believe it?" asked Leicester, slowly.

"As I believe that there is a sky above us," said Mr. Thaxton. "I always knew that Howard Murpoint was a villain, and I was waiting for a Nemesis to track him down. Little did I think that you would be that Nemesis! And who is this?" he asked, motioning towards Stumpy.

"My best and truest friend," said Leicester.

"Then give me your hand," said Mr. Thaxton, and, to Stumpy's astonishment, the respectable lawyer grasped the ex-convict's hand and shook it heartily.

"And now what is to be done with this fellow? He is too precious to be lost sight of."

"I have a cart near here," said Leicester, "and I thought that if you would stand my friend you would not mind taking charge of him till the morning."

"Certainly," said Mr. Thaxton, eagerly. "A capital plan! He shall not leave my sight, and tomorrow he shall be before the magistrate."

"Lend a hand, sir," said Stumpy, "for he's comin' to."

The three carried the senseless Job to the cart,

jumped in themselves, and Stumpy drove to Tenby, while Leicester removed his ghostly disguise and re-assumed his Spanish one.

(To be continued.)

THE GOVERNESS'S STORY.

How long ago it seems, that well remembered morning—as if years separated me from that day, and yet in reality how short a time has passed since, I, Marion Kingsleigh, young as I was, felt that life held no more joy for me, only stern, hard reality, and only longed to lie down to that last rest from which I should wake to be clasped in my loved one's arms. The heliotrope blooms in the window as then; the arrowy sunbeams steal in through the misty lace of the curtains, and light up my pretty room, with its choice engravings and plain though costly furniture, just as it was that day—the same, yet how different! Now the light of love—but I anticipate—I am writing a history of the past—yet my thoughts will wander to the blissful present, that I can hardly realize except in contrast with those by-gone days. Yet why should I complain? Though only a governess, I was always treated with the greatest kindness and consideration. Kindness and consideration! What was that, when my heart was asking, longing, breaking, for love? And yet I think my little pupil, Nellie, did love me in her childish way, though wrapped up in my own selfish griefs, I hardly know how I could have called forth such a feeling. Poor child! she seemed almost as lonely in the world as I, for her mother, statu-esque, beautiful as some marble image, seemed to have a heart as cold; her duty she did, sternly, fully, to its utmost limits; but I had never seen her even kiss her little daughter, or give her one mother-like, tender word.

Why is it, even if we believe, with the poet, "that a sorrows crown of sorrow is remembering happier things," that we love to go back and live over in memory every happy hour and treasured moment of "departed days?"

Thus dreaming, I sat that morning, with a quaint Indian casket in my lap that my father had brought home from one of his long sea-voyages; I could hardly remember him, for he died when I was a little child; but the strange, faint perfume of the curiously carved box brought back a dim memory of his bronzed face and hearty voice, and the way he used to toss me in his arms and pet me; and how, the last time he kissed us and went away, mother cried over Charlie and me, and said we were all she had to love till he came back. Now, one tress of her soft brown hair was all that was left of her for me, and Charlie—I knew not even where to find his grave, and shuddered as I thought of his early death, far away in that southern prison den where he had given his life for his country. It killed my mother; I knew it did, though she lingered for a few years after he died, and then left me to work on in the home of strangers, alone—oh, how terribly alone!

Do "coming events cast their shadows before?" Otherwise, why was it that morning, of all others, the tiny locket with its setting of pearls should bring back so clearly before me that twilight of years before—the departing regiment at the railway station, and the sobs and tears with which I clung to my brother as he left me for the southern battle-fields? My mother bade him good-by at home; but I was a mere child, and, until the parting moment, had realized only the glory, not the dread, of sending him forth to battle for his country.

Was it the intense loneliness that I felt now that reproduced so vividly the image of the sad, pale youth who stood by poor Charlie's side, as I clung sobbing to him in one last long embrace, and the utter sadness of his tone as he turned away?

"I have no one to bid me good-by—to care for me."

The words touched a chord of sympathy in my childish heart, and I caught his hand and kissed it impulsively, as I turned my eyes, brimming with tears, to his.

"I will love you—I will think of you; I know you are good—I can see it in your eyes."

My childish enthusiasm made me forget for a while my own timid self, but in a moment I was frightened, and would have hid my face on Charlie's shoulder, but I felt myself lifted in the stranger's arms, his dark, handsome face on a level with mine, his eyes dim with coming tears.

"Child," he said, with a quiver in his firm, even tones, "tell me once more you believe in me; the trust of one human heart may save me yet."

I did not understand his words; how could he expect that I, a mere child, could do so? But I felt my

whole heart go forth in love and pity to him, and laying my cheek against his, I whispered, very softly:

"I know you are good, and I love you."

The car-bell rang, and all was hurry and confusion; but ere my new friend left me he found time to detach a tiny gold locket from his watch-chain, and, placing it in my hand, he whispered:

"My little one, I have given you the last link that binds me to the past, keep it for my sake."

Kissing me hastily he sprang upon the platform of the last car and the last object I saw as the train swept around a distant curve was his tall, manly form, one hand resting on Charlie's shoulder, the other waving an adieu to me.

A child's step startled me from my dreaming of the past. Some sudden impulse led me to fasten the little locket to my watch-chain as I rose to open the door.

Upon what slight hinges swings the door of destiny! If we only knew what mighty effects might follow our apparently trivial actions, with what trembling dread should we speak the word, or perform the act, that may have power to change the whole current of our lives! If I had but known it, in that tiny locket lay the charm that should glorify and transfigure my barren life.

Nellie summoned me to her mother's room to make some arrangements for the journey I was intending to take that day with my little pupil; both of us were looking pale, Mrs. Mansfield said, and would be benefited by a few weeks at the seaside; she herself should prefer to remain at home. I always looked at her with a sort of wonder mingled with awe, she seemed so strangely unlike any woman I had ever seen before; beautiful, but strangely, strikingly beautiful, with her tall, queenly form, and her face, with its clear-cut, perfect features; but I often found myself wondering, in a listless kind of way, if that cold, proud face could ever be ruffled by any emotion, the perfect lips ever be wreathed with smiles, or the dark eyes dimmed with tears. Little did I think, when I entered the room, that I should see that proud, regal woman crushed to the earth in an agony of remorse ere our interview was finished, the icy barriers of reserve swept away, even as the fetters of winter are rent asunder when the torrents of spring come rushing on, bearing everything before them.

After a short conversation I rose to leave the room, and she came with me to the door, making some trivial remark about our journey. Suddenly her whole face changed; she was always pale, but now her face took on a death-like hue, and thought she tried to speak, her trembling lips refused to utter a single word.

I was thoroughly frightened, and hastened to place her in an easy-chair, while I turned away to get her a glass of water. My motion seemed to break the spell that bound her, for she sprang up and caught both my wrists in an iron grasp, while her eyes, with their intense, piercing gaze, seemed to read my very soul.

"Where is my son?" were the words she hissed into my ear while I struggled to escape from her grasp, for I thought she certainly must have gone mad.

She must have read my thoughts in my terrified face, for her manner suddenly changed, and drawing me close to her, she stroked my hair very softly.

"My poor little girl, I have frightened you sadly. But only tell me of my son! This locket was his, and I will be calm, so calm, only do not tell me he is dead—dead, with his mother's curse!"

She paused abruptly, seeming to struggle with a storm of emotion that was raging in her bosom.

In as few words as possible I told her how I came in possession of the locket, and all I knew of its owner; how, joining the regiment soon after Charlie, he had risen to high rank as an officer, and, though always grave and reserved, after our meeting at the railway station had always stood by and befriended Charlie, nursing him when sick, and, when they were both imprisoned together, refusing to be exchanged, that he might soothe his comrade's dying hours.

After I received the letter containing the news of my brother's death, I had lost all trace of his devoted friend; the letters I had written him had never been answered, and only the little locket inclosing a pretty, bright face remained to remind me of the stranger who had made so vivid an impression on my childish fancy. Years had gone by. I had grown from a child to a woman, but never in all those years had I heard or seen aught of him who, I had long ago believed, filled a soldier's grave.

Never shall I forget the look on that mother's face, as she took the locket from my hand, and looked long and earnestly on the pictured face. It was a miniature of her son, taken when a little child, and he had coaxed it from her one day to fasten his

chain, laughingly saying he would keep it till he was old and gray, to remind him of his childhood and his mother. Little did she think it would come back to her from the hands of a stranger, when that boy should have been for long years as dead to her as if the daisies already bloomed over his last resting place. Never shall I forget the moments that followed, when the woman whom I had always thought so cold, proud and unfeeling, who had resolved that the world should never know her sorrow and remorse, unveiled her heart to me, and showed me the height and depth of a mother's love.

After the first force of her emotion had spent itself, she told me the story of her past life. Married, when quite young, to a man handsome, fascinating, and of great wealth, her dreams of happiness had been rudely shattered when she learned that the husband she so fondly loved was fearfully addicted to intemperance. Night after night he left his young wife and beautiful boy for wild revelry and the intoxicating cup, and as he sank still lower, yielded to his passion for gambling till his princely fortune was scattered to the winds, and broken down by his early excesses, he soon became a confirmed invalid, depending, with his children, for support, upon the small fortune an old uncle had bequeathed to his wife.

Disappointed in her husband's love, all her hopes centered in her eldest boy, and she resolved that he should never be subjected to the temptations that had brought his father so low. Every look was watched, every movement guarded, until as he grew older, Harold Mansfield rebelled against these restrictions, and longed to go out in the great world and feel he could be his own master. Reluctantly she gave her consent to his taking a situation as clerk in one of the large stores in a neighbouring city. Like his father before him, he soon became a great favourite among his young companions, and plunging into the pleasures of the gay world his mother had so carefully guarded him from, and careless and thoughtless, he at last found himself entangled in debts that he dared not confess to his mother and in an unguarded moment listened to the voice of the tempter, and took from the cash-box of his employer a small sum of money, which he hoped soon to be able to replace; but the loss was discovered, and the poor boy, in an agony of shame and remorse, flung himself at his mother's feet, only to be driven from her with the most terrible denunciations.

She had felt, then, she never wished to look upon his face again, but after he had gone from her, where she knew not, for no trace could ever be found of him, she had suffered untold torments, as she thought she might have driven him to a suicide's death, or a life of darkest crime, when, perhaps, but for her mad passion, a mother's care, a loving word, might have reclaimed him, for it was the first offence, and he was very young.

The years that had passed since that time had taken her husband and all her children but little Nellie from her, and made her the stern, cold woman I had always known her to be, and in all that time she had found no clew to the missing one, until the sight of the locket roused her fond hopes, only to find them crushed more remorselessly than before.

A few days after the events just related, I stood with my little pupil on the platform of the railway station, awaiting the arrival of the outward bound train; for Mrs. Mansfield still insisted upon our taking the intended journey, though she had hardly recovered from the excitement of that eventful day whose stormy emotion was but the herald of the brighter time to come.

As I listened to the eager chatter of my little charge, a light puff of wind caught my veil from my hand, and a gentleman standing near returned it to me. I thanked him, and he turned away; but I soon felt his dark eyes fixed upon my face with a steady gaze that brought the colour rushing to my cheeks. He noticed my embarrassment, and stepped forward.

"I fear you will think me impudent," he began, "but the locket you wear—"

He stopped abruptly, and I saw he was much agitated as he asked—

"Did you ever know Charlie Kingsleigh?"

Like a flash it came to me; this was Harold Mansfield: the lost was found!

Before I could utter a word, a cry of horror burst upon my ear. Little Nellie had wandered from my side, and now stood right in the pathway of the incoming train, frozen with terror, a horrible death close upon her. I closed my eyes to shut out the fearful sight; everything seemed slipping away from me, and yet I seemed to live ages in a moment; then I felt two soft arms around my neck, a child's warm kisses on my cheek, and heard Nellie's voice, broken with sobs.

"Dear, dear Miss Kingsleigh, I am safe; but

come to the poor gentleman—they are taking him away."

In a moment I was by Harold Mansfield's side. I could hardly tell whether he was alive or dead. Had I found him only to bring him dead to his mother's arms? Had he saved his little sister's life only to give her for hers?

As quickly as I could, I ordered a carriage and took him to his mother's home. I knew it was the hour for her daily drive, or I hardly think I should have risked the shock it must have been to her to see him thus, and, as it was, I almost feared for her reason when I told her on her return what had transpired. She would have rushed at once to his side, but the physician in attendance forbade it, for in the condition he was in excitement would be fatal.

Never shall I forget the agony of that mother as she wandered from room to room through that terrible night, now crouched, listening, at the door of the sick room, then starting up to pace restlessly back and forth, tormented by the terrible dread that he might die before she had gained his forgiveness, and give him one last look, one parting kiss.

It was a bright autumn morning; the light breeze, softly awaying the curtains at the open window, and the sunbeams filtering through the leaves of a golden-hued maple, filled the room with a soft golden lustre, and, even in our city home, seemed to bring before us a glimpse of the beauties that lay awaiting us on the fields and forests beyond its walls. Wearily I sat at the window, glancing now and then at my sleeping patient, who, after long weeks of illness, was slowly coming back to life and strength, though as yet all conversation had been forbidden him. Now that the time for active exertion was over, I began to feel what a strain upon my powers of body and mind had been those weeks of anxious watching, when I alone besides the physician had been admitted to the sick room. Never had I seen such a change as was wrought in Mrs. Mansfield. Beautiful as she always was, there seemed some thing more sweet and womanly in that beauty, and as I sometimes watched her standing near the door, where she could watch her son unseen by him, there seemed something almost magical in the power of that love that could change that cold, proud woman thus—though, even as I looked upon them, there would come a sad feeling over my heart as I thought how utterly alone I was in the world, with no claim upon even a single person's love. Even that bright, quiet day I had given myself up to the sad musings, from which I was roused by the sick man's voice.

"Little May," he said, softly.

I went to the bedside, the tears starting to my eyes, for that was the pet name by which my brother always called me. He took my hand in both his thin, white ones.

"Do you know you have been my good angel?" he said. "Do you know that you have saved me from death, and from a life worse than death?"

His face flushed, and his voice trembled with emotion. I dreaded the effect of such excitement upon him, and would have checked him.

"No," he said, "I must tell you now; I wish you to know all you have been to me from the hour when, cast out and despised by others, you told me you believed in me, and gave me strength to live a truer, better life."

Varied were my emotions as I listened to the story of his past life—as he told of his utter despair and loneliness, as, crushed down by the sense of his guilt, and shut out from the love of home, my childish words had come to him, making him feel he was not utterly bad, since one true heart could still believe in him; as he drew such vivid pictures of his army life, and told me of my brother's dying hours. But as he spoke of his mother his voice grew hard and cold, and I noticed as never before the resemblance to her haughty features. Little did he think he was in that mother's house—that she was under the same roof with him.

"To my family I am as one dead," he said. "My mother told me she never wished to look upon my face again."

As he spoke, I heard the soft rustle of a lady's dress, and, before I wholly realized what it was, Mrs. Mansfield was kneeling, with outstretched arms, by her son's side, love, pity and remorse pictured on her face.

As quietly as I could I stole away, feeling that no one should intrude upon that solemn meeting of mother and son. A short time after she came to me, to tell me her son had asked for me, and I knew by her face that the reconciliation had been perfect.

I was glad, very glad, and yet (such selfish beings are we mortals) a sad feeling mingled with my joy, as I thought that I should no longer hold the first place in his thoughts; that his mother would now take my place by his side.

I hesitated a moment as I opened the door. He lay very quiet, his eyes closed, his dark hair tossed carelessly back from his white forehead, while the last rays of sunset lighted up his pale, handsome face, giving it an almost unearthly beauty in the darkening room.

"I am very glad," I said, as I went softly to his side, but my voice trembled as I thought how long it had been since I knew a mother's love, and my eyes fell beneath his steady gaze, which seemed to read my very soul.

"Yes," he answered, "all is well; but one thing is wanting to complete my happiness."

He paused, and in the silence of the shadowy room it seemed as if my loud beating heart was telling the secret it had kept so well.

"Marion," he said, softly, "you have done so much for me, one thing more I must ask you to give me yourself."

The last lingering sunbeam faded from the room, the soft shadows of twilight closed in about us, and the solemn stars came out and looked lovingly down upon that fairest sight in the whole world, the perfect union of two loving hearts.

So now, in the silence of my own room, as I write these last pages, and, looking back over the varied scenes of my past life, contrast them with the blissful present, I can only echo my husband's words with a thankful heart: "All is well." J. S.

ONE FAITHFUL HEART.

ANGIE GRAY sat by the west window of her little chamber, and looked out at the sunset sky, glorious with its changeful purple, and crimson, and gold. Not that she saw, or took heed, of the gorgeous display—as well might the heavens have worn sack-cloth for her.

She was not thinking of the soft summer beauty which lay warm and sweet over everything; she felt no thrill of delight as the gold of the west deepened to scarlet, and the distant hilltops flamed in the molten light; she had no thoughts for anything but the winter of desolation which had fallen upon her heart.

She was trying to take home and realize fully the depth and breadth of the lot of news she had heard a half-hour ago. The Widow Leighton had told her in that gossipy, officious way of hers, which made everything disagreeable—doubly so when coming from her—that Dr. Archibald and Miss Victoria Fanshawe were engaged.

Angie ought long before this to have known how things would turn out. But she had been willfully blind, and refused to believe what was evident enough to every one else.

Poor little Angie! it was very hard for her to bear this all alone! She had no mother or sister to go to, and what sensitive young girl would dream of telling a father, wrapped up in business as Mr. Gray was, that she had been foolish enough to love without being asked?

For more than two years every thought of hers had in some way been full of Dr. Archibald. She had no right to think of him in this manner, but then we all do things sometimes which we have no right to do. If our likes and dislikes were under the control of our will, we should be much happier!

The doctor had come to Sussex more than two years ago, and shortly after his arrival there Angie had been taken ill of a violent fever, through which he had attended her; and doubtless his vigilant care and his wonderful skill saved her life.

If she loved him for it he was not to blame. It was his nature to be gallant and tender to all women—how could he help it if they construed his well-meant attentions into something warmer than friendly regard? Of course he expected Angie to be grateful to him for what he had done for her, but she ought to have stopped at gratitude, and suffered herself to go no further. You know that as well as I.

But she was young and impulsive, and all her life long she had been hungry for love. Angie had no home ties to claim her affections—all her relatives were in their graves except her father, and he was a cold, undemonstrative man, totally absorbed in business. He knew he had a daughter, but as for taking any interest in her, he exhibited quite as much for the daughter of the Grand Mogul, and doubtless felt an affection for each in about the same degree.

Do you want to know how this little heroine of mine looked? Descriptions never do justice to faces like hers. Imagine a slight, rather tall figure, with a face in which there was never a trace of colour, save in the scarlet lips; features regular and delicate, eyes deep, dark hazel, and hair soft, and fine, and glossy as polished ebony. She was nineteen, and Dr. Archibald was forty at least; so you see at once that she was very foolish to fall in love

with a man as old as her father. He had been married, and was some three or four years a widower, and his only child had died a few months after its birth.

He was handsome, as these grave, self-contained men often are—not so much in feature as in the nobility conferred by the consciousness of strength and power. He gave you the idea by his bearing that he held even destiny itself under his feet, and could crush it in a moment if it dared to turn upon him. Strong, yet tender—brave, yet gentle as a woman to those he loved, he was just the man to attract a girl like Angie—timid, and trusting, and lovely as she was.

Miss Fanshawe had anguished for him almost two years, and certainly deserved something for her patience. She was an heiress—the only daughter of old Captain Fanshawe, who had made a fortune in the India trade. She was beautiful, and stately, and accomplished, and carried herself with dignity which made common people feel even more common as she swept past.

Angie sat the whole dusky summer night away trying to gather strength to bear what had come to her—trying to quiet the dull, heavy pain in her heart by calling up her pride and saying to herself that she did not care who Dr. Archibald wedded. But morning came at last and found her just as far from peace as ever—found her with a face a little whiter than usual, and with dark rings under her eyes, and hard lines around her sweet mouth which should never have settled there in her girlhood. She had to go down and go through with the farce of eating breakfast while her heart seemed slowly breaking.

Do you know how dreadful it is to bear these agonies of despair which come to us all sometimes—bear them and still go about with smiling faces and clear eyes and voices sweet and low?

Many were the congratulations poured upon Dr. Archibald and Miss Fanshawe. For once, everybody seemed satisfied with this engagement. Of course, some girls were a little disappointed and some young men who had hoped to have the handling of Miss Fanshawe's money to pay gambling debts and trade in fast horses swore a little over the affair, but as a general thing it was well received by society.

There were wealth and position on one side, and wealth, beauty and accomplishments on the other. They would make a very handsome couple, and the doctor's new house would have a fitting mistress in the stately Victoria.

Preparations went forward briskly, for the marriage was to take place in December, and there was a great deal to be done. The handsome house on Alston Hill was furnished in princely style, and everything about its appointments made to conform to Miss Fanshawe's tastes, for Dr. Archibald was no narrow-minded lump of self-conceit to fancy he knew best in everything.

A fortnight before the day set for the marriage an astounding thing occurred.

Dr. Archibald was arrested for murder!

A distant relative of his, Anthony Greene, had died some six weeks before, and the doctor was his heir-at-law. By Greene's death he had come into possession of quite a large property. Mr. Greene had been a long time ailing, and the doctor had occasionally prescribed for him, but when he died it was in a very sudden and unexpected manner. He was buried without any investigation into the causes of his death, but some days afterward some one keener than his neighbours hinted at a suspicion of foul play. The matter was at once taken up by the authorities—the body was exhumed, and an examination made, which resulted in the discovery of prussic acid in the stomach.

Circumstances pointed strongly at Dr. Archibald. He was the only physician the old man had ever had. He had visited him and left him medicine the very day he died, and in a vial, which the housekeeper testified to having seen Dr. Archibald take from his medicine-case on the occasion of that last visit, were found the drags of the same fatal substance which lurked in the stomach of the body.

There were many other convincing circumstances unnecessary to particularise, but in an affair of this kind it is surprising how small an item can be made to tell against a person under suspicion.

People who a week before would have considered themselves personally aggrieved and insulted if a word had been breathed against their physician, spoke together in ominous whispers and declared that they had always thought he was no better than he should be, and Dr. Doolittle's friends did not hesitate to remark that they had always known Dr. Archibald was a villain and a quack.

The doctor was tried, condemned, and sentenced to imprisonment for life—all within the short space of eight weeks.

Of course everybody deserted him. His staunchest friends fell away; his betrothed lost no time after the shadow descended upon him in despatching him a note to the effect that he might consider their engagement at an end, for however matters might turn with him she could never upon any account think of marrying a man who had been under arrest for the crime of murder.

He answered her letter, beseeching her to come to him, only this once, that he might assure her of his entire innocence. But to this tender, passionate appeal she vouchsafed no reply.

The agony he suffered, coupled with the stifled air of his cell, threw Dr. Archibald into a low, nervous fever, and in this time of his sorest need Angie Grey came to him. He was too weak to compel her to leave him, and the jailer's wife was only too glad to be relieved from the care of him, so Angie had him all to herself. And never was a nurse more unfailingly faithful, more patiently tender and kind. All through that tedious sickness—through the misery and despair of the delirium which made a madman of him—through the childish weakness which supervened—and up to the sad time when reason returned faintly, and he realised his miserable state—this poor girl tended him and made him comfortable.

One day the physician beckoned Angie out when he went away, and in a few words told her what she had not dared to give thought to—Dr. Archibald would die. It might be weeks or months, but in all probability it would be days only before the change came; but perhaps she had better tell him, that it might not take him too much by surprise.

It was a hard task, loving him as she did, but she went through with it—holding his hot hand in hers, and averting her eyes that he might not see the tears she could not keep back.

"My poor child!" said he, tenderly, caressing the bowed head, "have you not known this before? I have been conscious of it for many days. It makes me happy to know that I am not to linger out a wretched life of imprisonment and uselessness. Heaven is very good to give me an early release."

She had slipped down beside his chair—for he sat up the greater part of the time now—and was weeping pitifully. Heaven only knows how every word wrung her gentle heart.

After that Dr. Archibald watched her closely, and would hardly allow her out of his sight. When she went away if for ever so brief a period, he was restless and uneasy, and welcomed her coming with so bright a face that over and over again the poor child took heart, and said to herself he would surely get well again.

Sometimes he drew her weary head down beside his on the pillow, and holding her hands, soothed her to sleep, and watched over her while she slept; and at such times the love of life grew strong within him, and he cried out fiercely against the destiny which had cast him into prison and doomed him to the grave.

There came a day at last when John Archibald knew that he had seen his last sunrise. He called Angie to his side, and told her so. The light went out of his eyes—she felt at his feet helpless and stricken; and he, endowed with sudden strength, lifted her and held her to his heart. "Angie," said he, "Heaven will reward you for what you have done for me. And when I am in my grave, remember that I told you I was innocent of this crime with which I am charged. You believe me?"

"Yes."

"One thing more. My darling, I love you! If all this dark injustice which as been done me could be swept away, and I could stand once more in Heaven's free air vindicated before the whole world, there is but one woman of all God's creation that I would wish to make my wife, and you are that one, Angie, my beloved!"

She crept a little closer to him—her cheek against his own—her young face whiter even than his.

"And, Angie, if that could be—I mean if I were free and should ask you to be mine, what would you say?"

"That I would follow you to the ends of the earth—that I am yours for all time, all eternity!"

His countenance brightened—he lifted up her face in his two hands, and gazed into her eyes long and earnestly.

"Angie, it is perhaps wrong to ask it, but if you could trust me enough to let me die your husband, it would make me happy and content."

She put her hands in his, and kissed his forehead.

"I am yours, John, in life or in death," she said.

An hour later, the marriage-service was read in the prison cell, and Angie Grey became John Archibald's wife.

At midnight he died in her arms, his last look for her, his last word the feeble utterance of her name

and then the eloquence of silence, never to be broken in this world, fell between them.

So near each other, and yet so far asunder!

Only two days after the burial of Dr. Archibald, Peter Cooke, an old servant of Anthony Greene, was crushed under a passing locomotive, but before he died he made a startling confession. He had poisoned his master for the sake of the legacy which he knew was coming to him by Mr. Greene's will. He had put the poison into the phial Dr. Archibald had left, purposely to mislead, in case any investigation should be made.

It seemed very hard that this confession should not have been made a little sooner; it would have been such a consolation to Archibald to know that his innocence was established. But who can tell what knowledge comes to the spirits of the dead? Who knows how well and how clearly they read the secret things of this life in their homes beyond the realm of time and sense?

Miss Fauches married a rich old Dutchman, and leads him a life of it.

Angie Grey is living on, waiting, hopefully, for the re-union which cannot lie far in the future.

THE CHEMIST.

MR. CHARLES DOWNE was a chemist. He spent his life in experiments. It is doubtful if he could have existed apart from them. He boiled and stewed and compounded and triturated and evaporated constantly. He would have distilled himself in some of his retorts if by any means he could have been apprised of the result after it was all over.

To a person who had any nerves it was agony to be in his company. Johnson and Walker combined never drew a string of fearful words as he could hitch together, with which to entertain (?) his unfortunate listeners.

Mrs. Eliza Pike, a blooming widow of thirty, was his landlady. She had boarded him for five years, and still lived—which ought to be convincing proof of the tenacity with which life clings to us.

Nothing but the fact that Mr. Downe paid his board with regularity, and that he was a bachelor, prevented Mrs. Pike from giving him warning to seek other quarters.

Everything in the house bid fair to be ruined or annihilated by his experiments. He had melted all the pewter; turned the silver black; analyzed the teapots, until one day the bottom fell out of the best one when the widow was pouring the tea, and the hot water flew all over a select company of guests, scalding Mr. Downe severely, frightening the widow nearly out of her senses, and skinning the back of the cat so effectually that there was a light stripe there for a year afterward.

Everything that was susceptible to rust was rusted. He was continually trying the strength of his acids; and the widow's best china was a fine cut colour from the effect of his alkalies. The widow herself began to look yellow under the chemical atmosphere that filled the place.

Still Mr. Downe persevered. The cause of science was a glorious one, he said; a man's life could not be better spent than in devotion to such a noble cause.

What mattered it if his hair stood up like bristles, and his face bore all the colours of the rainbow, and his coat reminded one of Joseph's—what mattered it if he could tell the specific gravity of all known substances and the chemical equivalent for the same?

Ever since Mr. Downe had boarded at the widow's that lady had a very constant visitor in Miss Sarah Stelle, a lady of rather doubtful age who, people maliciously said, was seeking for a husband. But, as Miss Stelle was a very intimate friend of Mrs. Pike, it is by no means singular that she should take pleasure in visiting her frequently, and getting a cup of young hyson.

One afternoon she came for a friendly visit, accompanied by a married acquaintance—a Mrs. Hinks.

"Dear me," said Miss Stelle to the widow, "how I do wish I could see the inside of Mr. Downe's laboratory. I've heard so much of it, and I am such an admirer of such things. Don't you think he would let me?"

"My dear Sarah," remarked Mrs. Hinks, who, as an intimate friend, never lost the opportunity of saying a disagreeable thing, "people say it is rather unsafe for most women to visit a chemical laboratory."

"Why, pray?" inquired Miss Stelle.

"Why, they say the gases will be sure to reveal the fact if one uses cosmetics."

Miss Stelle blushed even through her rouge and pearl powder.

"Then you had better keep away!" she retorted,

Mrs. Hinks smiled—she knew the shot told, and was happy. Women are such amiable, good-hearted creatures, you know!

At supper Mrs. Pike broached the subject.

"Mr. Downe, these ladies have heard so much of your laboratory that they would like a peep at its mysteries."

"Oh, Mr. Downe," said Miss Stelle, with animation, "I am sure it would be so nice! I perfectly doze on tortures and crucibles, and such things. It is a charming pursuit! You must be perfectly happy!"

"Yes, madam. It is delightful. I quite agree with you. I am pleased to find a person of your sex sensible enough to express such an opinion. No lady's education should be considered complete without a thorough knowledge of chemistry. Why, chemistry, ma'am, is the very foundation, the corner stone, of cookery, and without cookery, what would the world be? A waste—a desolate waste—unfit for the habitation of man."

"So you will let us go in, will you?" said Mrs. Hinks.

"Of course! To be sure! I shall feel honoured! I am just making an experiment with a detonating powder—something entirely new. It will astonish the world yet—one of my own inventions! Beautiful experiment! Miss Stelle, I know you will be charmed with it. We will go right in now," and setting down his tea untouched the devotees of science rushed off, followed by the three ladies.

The laboratory was like all other dens of that sort—rather a littered-up place, and the ladies drew their skirts closely around them as they picked their way amid the jugs, bottles, jars and crucibles that strayed the floor.

"Good Heavens!" cried Mrs. Hinks, "there's a dreadful spot on my new matting! What shall I do?"

"Oh, never mind!" responded the unfeeling chemist; "it's only a little nitric acid. Won't hurt you a bit! We breathe nitrogen every time we boil cabbage. You can put a patch on it so that it won't show a speck. An admirer of science has to make some sacrifices."

"Oh, mercy!" cried Miss Stelle, "what a terrible odour!"

"Some of my gases, my dear madam—now, then, you will see the beauty of my experiment. See if it don't make your head whirl!"

He turned a screw in some complicated machine, and the whole place was filled with a bluish-green vapour, and a report followed that seemed to split the solid globe.

"Merciful gracious!" shrieked Miss Stelle, clapping her hands to her ears; "he must be the Devil himself!" and, forgetting her admiration of science, she turned to flee.

In her flight she knocked down a huge glass jar, and overturned several bottles and stew-pans.

"Jupiter!" cried Mr. Downe, rushing forward; "she has upset my pet rattlesnake! I'd rather have given a hundred pounds!"

"Rattlesnake!" screamed Mrs. Hinks, jumping frantically about amid the ruins of the bottles and "things"—"rattlesnakes! oh, goodness gracious! Save me, Mr. Downe!" and she flew at the astonished man, and seizing him round the neck, nearly choked the life out of him.

"Creation!" cried chemist, "who ever saw the like of it? What all the woman? Take her away, Mrs. Pike, oh, that's a dear, good lady! I—I ain't used to it, and I feel a little faint! And it's almost time for Mr. Hinks to come. He'd think I was a bad character! Do take her away!"

But Mrs. Hinks had swooned, and when Mrs. Pike attempted to remove her she fell down in a heap.

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Downe, "I have killed her! I shall be hung!" and he seized a bottle which he thought contained camphor, but which contained, instead, nitrate of silver, and poured the contents in her face.

She recovered, but she was as black as negro for the next two weeks, and poor Mr. Downe paid her a hundred pounds damages.

One afternoon the sewing society met at Mrs. Pike's. The parlour was exactly over the room where Mr. Downe made his experiments, and it was well filled with the pious portion of the neighbourhood on the afternoon in question.

All the good folks were there. The minister and his wife, and Miss Abra Cole, Miss Stelle, Mrs. Hinks, and a score of others with whom we have nothing to do. The pastor, as usual, was conversing on serious topics to his attentive audience.

"My friends," said he, "I have often thought that, if the last trumpet should sound at any moment, it would not find me unprepared for the summons. I think I should be just as calm as I am this instant—well satisfied that with me there was nothing to fear."

His hearers drew a long breath of admiration, and the parson was straightening himself for another effort, when a deafening explosion rent the air, the floor beneath his feet was shivered to splinters, the glass windows went up like rockets, and a sulphurous smoke poured up through every nook and cranny of the shattered door.

"Good Heaven!" screamed the parson, springing to the window—"it's come!" and with one leap he precipitated himself to the ground below, alighting on his head in a rain-water cistern.

In a moment, however, he recovered his feet, and a straighter pair of coat-tails never was seen than his as he scuttled for the barn, where he crept into the haymow, and awaited further denouement.

Mrs. Hinks got under the bed; Miss Stelle rushed into the cupboard, and the others into such extenuated hiding-places as the exigency permitted.

A frightful interval of silence followed, each of the hidden ones quaking with terror.

At last the parson, whose involuntary hydrophobia had perhaps kept him cooler than the others, finding no second blast of the archangel's trumpet, peered from his odorous covert.

The world looked much as usual, with the exception of the wrecked condition of the houses and to a figure of a man, just discernible through the smoky air, lying face downwards in the middle of the cabbage bed, and apparently about as extensively attired as the late King Tacumshas, of the Coway Island.

The minister took heart of grace and vaulted out on the trembling founaines. When, however, they caught a glimpse of that prostrate figure they scurried louder than before and rushed off again to their hiding-places.

But the parson courageously went up to the cabbage bed, and by the administration of two judicious kicks caused the recumbent one to get up, and, revealing the blackened but intact features of Mr. Downe, ran off for shelter as quickly as the indies.

It is needless to say that Mr. Downe did not re-enter his laboratory, indeed at the present time Mrs. Downe, née Miss Stelle, would take extreme care not to trust him even with a pennyworth of brimstone—without treacle.

C. A.

MISFORTUNES sometimes make the humble very poor, as well as sometimes impoverish the very rich. It is untrue that all individuals can find employment, even in so busy and wealthy a land as our own; it is not true even in the summer season. So difficult is it to find employment that the children of families well-to-do in the world at the age of sixteen or eighteen are put to the greatest straits at times to find an occupation for a livelihood; and any man without capital to make a business for himself, thrown out of employment in middle life, may find it a source of very keen anxiety, a slow process of repeated disappointments and exhausting discouragements, to find the place in which he shall get his living again.

ROSES IN THE SNOW.

"Oh! signor, I long to have you hear my sister sing," I said to my Italian maestro one day after I had finished my lesson, and he had paid some trifling compliment to my vocal powers. "As soon as she returns from Toronto she will also be your pupil, and I am sure you will appreciate her magnificent voice."

"Ah!" he replied, indifferently, not once raising his immense black eyes from the roll of music he was tying, and evidently paying but little attention to my raptures, for, without vouchsafing another word, with a low bow he left the room.

I walked slowly to the window and watched him as he descended the short gravel path before the house, and though rather triumphantly, though perhaps, too, a little sadly, "Once he has seen our dear Rosa, he will never leave her as he has just now left me; no one could!" and I already imagined I could see the expression of supreme indifference which ever mantled my professor's face changing to one of intense interest on hearing my sister's voice, and his great melancholy eyes, which seemed as if during the forty years they had looked upon the world everything had appeared to them through a mist of tears, beaming with admiration on beholding her unsurpassed loveliness.

Thirteen years ago, on a beautiful wintry day, I, for the first time, was brought for a drive to La-china. I am now nineteen, so although at the time I was but six years old, every event of that memorable afternoon is engraven on my mind as if it were but yesterday. I well remember how my father lifted me into the sleigh beside mamma and tucked

the buffaloes round me, so that only my head could be seen; and then my brother Ned, who was four years older than I, jumped up in front and held the reins while papa got in.

"Hurrah!" cried Ned, cracking the whip, and away we went over the frozen snow, the ringing sleigh bells and my brother's laughing voice mingling together in my ears, as I sat behind, quiet as a little mouse. For a long time I was very still, but the bracing air and the swift, smooth motion filled me animation, and I begged of papa to take me in front that I might watch the horses.

On, on we went, the bright sunshine sparkling o'er the smooth, spotless snow banks, making them look as if they were sprinkled with diamond dust, the tall trees spreading their arms to heaven and moaning low, as the wintry winds passed through them, seemed to me as if repining for the beautiful green robes and the little birds which in summer time filled them with life and song. On, on we went, past pines rejoicing in their double vesture of green and crimson—past open fields with the fence tops peeping their dark heads from out great beds of down—past thickets from which at every moment I expected to see Red Riding Hood's wolf or the three bears of my nurse's story emerging, while to the left of us lay the great frozen St. Lawrence. On, on we went, till the sound of water came to our ears. The horses stopped, and before us appeared the Lachine Rapids.

How my infantine mind expanded and my baby heart fluttered before that magnificent spectacle! Speechless, motionless, I remained gazing on the huge blocks of ice which had shovelled up on all sides, some clear and pure as crystal, some topped with caps of snow which the wind had drifted into fanciful shapes, all white and beautiful; and the rapids arose, roiling and surging amid the rocks, their never-ceasing voice majestically defying the icy hand of winter from taking them in its grasp; while hanging over them, faintly and distinctly, like a crown of glory scarcely visible to mortal eyes, appeared the ever-changing, many-coloured hues of a rainbow.

"Beautiful! grand!" exclaimed Ned; but I only nestled closer to papa, and wondered if there were rapids in heaven.

We spent the remainder of the afternoon very pleasantly at Lachine; evening had come on, and with it a heavy snow storm; before we were again packed into the sleigh and the horses' heads turned homewards. I tried for a long time to keep awake, but Ned was quiet, and the excitement of the day had been too much for me, so the music of the sleigh bells which had made me gay and bright a few hours before now lulled me into a sweet sleep, from which I did not awaken till we suddenly stopped, and I heard my father excitedly saying—

"I wonder what it can be?"

I listened, and at last I heard a child singing a sweet melody in a low, plaintive voice, and at intervals the means of a person who seemed to be in pain. The night was very dark, and the snow blinding, so several minutes elapsed before papa, who had gone to see what was the matter, returned.

"Drive on, Ned, a little further," he said. "There is a poor woman who seems to be very ill, and a little girl lying in the snow; there is no house near to bring them to; so we must take them to town."

I was once more placed in front, and the stranger and her child having been lifted into my seat, we drove on, very soon reaching home.

The doctor was summoned, and declared the woman to be dying—dying of cold and want, but still more of sorrow. She was quite young, about twenty-three. An Italian you would immediately decide, not only from her dark, enchanting face, but also from the language which flowed so musically from her lips as she tossed about in the delirium of fever. None of us understood her beautiful tongue, but every now and then a few words of pure, though foreign-pronounced, English, mingling in, filled the hearts of her listeners with sorrow for her unhappy and forlorn state. Her clothing, although much worn, her appearance and her speech, proved her to be a lady, and the manners of the little one, who was but four years old, were what might be expected from a young princess. For three days mamma watched by her side, and she has often since said that never in her life has she seen a spectacle at once so beautiful and so heart-rending as that of the poor suffering creature, who, when raising herself up, would cry out:

"My Terrence, my husband, come for me, come for me," her black eyes beaming with tender fervour, the deep red roses of fever burning upon her olive cheeks, and her crimson lips apart, displaying two rows of faultless pearls. Then, looking sadly around, she would call for her little girl and whisper low:

"Canta, Rosa, canta per me."

The poor little thing, quite ignorant of the loss she was about to sustain, would lay her fair cheek on her mother's pillow and commence, in her sweet voice, the melody we had first heard, the words of which we did not understand.

Shortly before dying consciousness returned, and mamma, wishing to find some clue to her friends, asked for her name.

"Rosa McCarthy," was the answer.

"Where is your husband, dear?" asked mamma.

A great spasm passed over her features, she raised her small, delicate hand to her brow, as if to dispel the sad thoughts which that question awakened, and said:

"My husband, my poor Terrence; he died a year ago. It killed him, this dreadful climate."

"Have you any friends?" Where is your home?"

"On my home! I have none now; it was in beautiful Italy. But I left it. I left them all. I never can go back. They did not love him, my poor Terrence!"

This was all that could be learned from her, for she then asked for her child, and, having tenderly kissed her, she whispered again:

"Canta, Rosa, canta," and with the voice of her baby girl murmuring in her ear the air she liked to love so much, her poor weary heart, like a wounded bird fluttered for a moment, and then was for ever at rest, while her spirit soared away to that unknown world where sorrow enters not.

Papa made many inquiries concerning the strangers whom Providence had thrown upon his benevolence, but beyond the fact that during the past few months they had resided in Cornwall, Upper Canada, where Mrs. McCarthy had endeavoured to give music lessons, but failed on account of her delicate health, we could discover nothing. Baby Rosa in the meantime had become very dear to us all, and doubly dear to me, who had never had a playmate but my brother; so it was decided by papa and mamma that she would remain with us always and be brought up as my sister.

One day mamma wrapped up into a little parcel some few letters, tear-stained, lovingly worded epistles signed "Terrance," which had been found in Mrs. McCarthy's pocket, the wedding ring which had been taken from the dead woman's hand, and a locket which had rested on her heart, in which, beside her own lovely miniature, was that of a young, handsome Irishman, with a fair, honest face and light, curly brown hair. These were put carefully away where the eyes of little Rosa would never rest upon them, and from that day she became indeed our own.

It would be difficult to tell how dearly we grew to love each other, my little adopted sister and I; we shared each other's joys, each other's pitty sorrows, we went to the same schools, we learned from the same masters, every advantage that was offered to us was also hers, and papa and mamma soon cherised us with an equal affection.

Rosa never forgot that she was not my real sister, but her remembrance of a time when she was not entirely ours was very dim and indistinct, and she never mentioned it. We learned Italian together, and often in the dreamy twilight hour, as she sat resting upon my shoulder, she would murmur in a mezzo-voice the sweet strains of the little song which had first led us to find her half buried in the snow.

During the last few months, Rosa not being quite well, the doctor had advised her to go away from home for a change, and, rather than leave mamma alone, I did not accompany her; so, being very lonely I desired to take some singing lessons from a celebrated Italian musician who had lately come from Montreal. But I missed my sister even in my practice, and, as we all admired her voice extremely, I longed to hear the maestro's opinion of it.

It was at this time I told him of her.

A few days after, Ned, who was now a flourishing young lawyer, went to Toronto in search of Rosa and brought her home.

When next my professor came, as soon as my lesson was concluded, I said:

"Signor, my sister has come."

The ever indifferent "Ah!" was his reply.

"Would you like to hear her sing?" and seeing he hesitated—"Now, immediately?" I asked.

He took out his watch, looked at it, then at me, and, smiling at my ardour, answered:

"Sicuro, signorina, sicuro."

I ran directly for Rosa, and with my heart bounding with pride for her beauty and her talents, I led her before him.

Lovely, indeed, she looked as she entered the room, with a strange, peculiar style of loveliness which made one wonder what country had given her birth.

Her skin was of the purest fairness, without a



[SPELLBOUND.]

shade of colour except upon the crimson pouting lips. Her hair was of a bright, golden hue, long, wavy and luxuriant, while her eyes were truly her mother's great Italian eyes, melting into a tender softness when her love or her pity were awakened, and flashing with hidden fire when her pride or her temper were aroused.

Contrary to my expectations the professor did not seem to notice her beauty, so after a few words of civility had passed between them she seated herself at the piano and glided her fingers rapidly over the keys.

I did not like to tell her what to sing, but I inwardly hoped she would choose some difficult morscau from one of the Italian operas, in which her voice would appear to its fullest advantage, when the symphony sounding I discerned at the once gay and plaintive melody of her baby years—"her own song," as we called it, which I had never before heard her sing in the presence of strangers:—

They blame me for loving the handsome young stranger,

Who's come to our clime from the far distant North;

They ask why I seek him, they tell me there's danger

In the tender warm blushes his presence calls forth.

They say 'tis not love, and they call it illusion, If so 'tis a vision by angels brought down; Tis the light of my heart, 'tis a happy delusion, For to my young life 'tis the joy and the crown.

Oh, dark would this world be should I e'er awaken.

To find, like a flower, it had faded away! Or like a pet bird its lone flight it had taken And left me to mourn it by night and by day. But no, his low voice was ne'er meant to deceive me,

I trust every word he has breathed in my ear; I gave him my hand and I knew he'd believe me That more than all else under Heav'n he was dear.

So farewell to my home that for ever I'm leaving.

Farewell to thee, father and brother, so kind; I go with a heart full of trust, well believing I've met one as tender as those left behind.

'Tis hard to part and it grieves me sincerely, To know that your blame casts a cloud o'er my joy,

But since I must choose, tho' I love you all dearly,

Far dearer I hold him, my own Irish boy.

Clear and full, her voice arose full of depth and pathos, her wonderful power of expression giving a force and poesy to the simple words which they otherwise would never have known; while the air was so strangely vivacious and yet so plaintively sweet that it cast a spell over me which I regretted to break, and the last note had died away on the air several seconds before I raised my eyes. When I did I beheld Signor Martinelli standing close behind my sister, his arms folded upon his breast, his face pale and rigid as marble.

For a long time he uttered not a word; when he spoke his voice trembled, and, with his piercing black eyes fixed upon Rosa, he asked, abruptly:

"Where did you learn that song?"

She looked at him in surprise, and hesitatingly answered:

"I scarcely remember. I learned it very long ago."

"But where? From whom? Tell me, girl, I beseech you."

Rosa was frightened at his vehemence, and the tears were in her eyes as she said:

"Well, I think it must have been from my mother."

"From you?" he said, turning to mamma, who having heard all in an adjoining room was now going forward.

"No," she answered, and seeing the expression of intensely painful suspense upon his face, she went over to Rosa, and taking her hand within hers, said, "This darling girl was not always ours: when about three years of age we found her with her Italian mother in the snow; her mother died, and I have striven to take her place; that song she must have learned with the first words she strove to pronounce, and it was through it we were led to find her."

Great beads of perspiration were on the professor's brow as he huskily asked:

"Do you know what the woman's name was?"

"Rosa McCarthy," mamma replied.

"Great Heaven! can it be possible!" he exclaimed, burying his face in his hands, his whole frame shaking with suppressed emotion. After a little while he grew more calm and turning to mamma, he said:

"Years ago, in Italy, I had an only sister, beautiful as a seraph, whom I loved with all the strength and devotion that a brother can give. We lived with my father and were of a respectable family but reduced in circumstances. My father hoped that my sister, who was then eighteen, would retrieve our fortunes by marrying one of the wealthy suitors who applied for her hand; but she, having met a young Irishman named Terrence McCarthy, who had

come to seek health in our climate, was loved by him and loved him in return. He sought to marry her, but my father most indignantly forbade him to approach her again. I, jealous that any one should win my sister's affection from me, urged him to keep them apart, which he tried to do; but my sister's proud and passionate nature revolted against such treatment and she fled. My father would allow no inquiries to be made about her, but I ascertained that she was married to McCarthy at the nearest village; and in her writing-desk I found those verses which have just been sung. That air was one which I composed myself, and which my sister dearly loved."

At this juncture his voice nearly failed, and he added:

"Judge, now, whether I have not reason to be surprised and moved. I have sought her all over the world but never found a clue of her until today."

Mamma arose, and unloosing a drawer in her private desk, she took from a parcel a small gold locket, and, opening it, presented it to him.

"Tis she! 'tis she!" he cried, "my beautiful sister!"

And the tears rushed from his eyes.

Rosa was all this time by my side, her head resting on my shoulder, her slight frame quivering with sobs; but he seemed to have forgotten her existence till mamma, leading her to him, said:

"This, then, is your sister's child."

He laid his hands on her shoulders, and looked long and earnestly into her face, as if to make sure such was indeed the case, then he muttered:

"Terrence McCarthy's hair and complexion, but Rosa Martinelli's eyes. My niece, my dear niece," and he held her long and tenderly to his heart.

Over and over again mamma had to tell the story of the discovery of Mrs. McCarthy and her child in the snow, and of the former's sad death, to which we all listened with melancholy interest. The professor took up his abode with us, every day becoming more and more attached to his newly found niece; but Rosa's whole pure heart had gone to my brother Ned, as in former days her mother's was given to the young Irishman, and they are engaged to be married. As for me—well, I always did like middle-aged gentlemen with black eyes, particularly when as lately the black eyes look kindly upon me. To-day my professor asked me to marry him; my heart beat fast, and I think I said "Yes."

So Rosa and I will wear orange blossoms together, and then we go together to visit the land we have so often dreamed of, rendered doubly dear as being the home of her dead mother—beautiful, sunny Italy.

A. B. F.



MR. BOWMAN ANNOUNCED.]

OLD RUFFORD'S MONEY,
WON WITHOUT MERIT, LOST WITHOUT
DESERVING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

Fightin' for Freedom, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

Now from dim London and the suburbs round
To Epsom Downs the smug-faced cits repair;
Clatter the wheels with never-ceasing sound
That wounds the ear and rends the ambient

air,

Nor Dives only to that goal is bound;
For poor as well as rich he sprightly there.
All full of joke, of fun, of chaff, they go;
But some shall thence return with faces draped

in woe.

Tennant.

The curtain rose on "The Man of the World," "Ehou fugaces annii!" Where are the actors of that night's comedy? Two of them survive in green old age; but of Sir Pertinax, we fear, we have seen the last. Let us hope not; for Phelps leaves no artist—at least he has yet to be discovered—who can identify himself in the critic's mind with Macklin's creation of the wealth-worshipping timeserver who rose by "boozing and boozing," and who, tyrant in heart and proud as Lucifer, "could never stand opebrecht in the presence of a great man."

Reginald was more than delighted; he was lost in the acted study placed before him, and when the curtain fell, and the baffled self-seeker sank paralysed at the frustration of all his contemptible schemes he sat for a few seconds absorbed; then, joining the general call for the actor, he applauded with the rest as he passed from P. S. to O. P.

The footlights cleared, Reginald, turning to. Dick thanked him heartily for the pleasure he had provided him, and, what was much more to that gentleman's satisfaction, for he had that day "dined with Duke Humphrey," declared himself ready to stand the supper already spoken of, and departs at once, lest he should weaken his impression of a great impersonation by staying out the burlesque extravaganzas, adorned with legs and diversified by "break-downs," which figured next upon the playbill.

A capital rumpuspeak, with a couple of bottles of creamy Guiness, a nip of Stilton and a chasse of cognac, followed by a couple of regalies, saw the twain out of the "Albion," at the door of which Reginald, not without some difficulty, got rid of his limpet-like companion, by pleading an engagement,

then calling a hansom, and chartering it for —— Terrace, Baywater.

He arrived there so late that, having the privileges of the latchkey, he took his chamber-lamp from the hall table, and retired to rest, without seeing his landlady, rose early, donned his new race-suit which had arrived on the previous day from his tailors, and after a hasty breakfast, quitted the house before nine; thus avoiding not only all question or explanation but also keeping himself in ignorance of the fatal blunder he had made by permitting the practical joke of his medical friend on the manager of the branch bank wherein he held his appointment.

Reginald Chesterton walked briskly off into the Baywater Road and, turning into Hyde Park at the iron gates eastward of Kensington Gardens, skirted the shrubbery and the Lady's Mile, to avoid encountering any one of his business acquaintances who might be bent cityward, and many of whom, about this time, mounted the omnibuses from Acton, Shepherd's Bush or Ealing. He was aware that on such a day his "horsey" appearance would have bespoke his destination.

Accordingly he left the park at the Marble Arch and, hailing a cab, desired to be driven to Swan and Edgar's, corner of Regent Circus, where he arrived in full time to see Harry Stevens pull up at the then "Spread Eagle" corner, near the departed "White Bear," where now the splendid "Criterion" of Spiers and Pond combines the attraction of a Parisian restaurant with the solid viands of an English hotel, the agreements of an American bar and the luxurious splendours of an Oriental divan, with the addenda of billiard-rooms and a theatre.

At the time we write of a crowd of dirty, lounging fellows, cads, cadgers and costermongers, pen and thimble-riggers, prick-in-the-garter men, "three-card" sharpers, pocket-picking ruffians, with all the roadside rascallions now, thanks to successive home secretaries and an improved police, swept out of existence, were congregated at the corner of the "White Bear," at the "Elephant," and at other points on the route. Most of these had, however, already taken the road, so that but a few loiterers remained when Harry Steven's well-appointed team swept round the curve into Regent Street and pulled up, with a flourish of the old Kent bugle, for Harry had not yet come to consider an Arban or Courtois cornet the "correct thing" for the dickey of a Derby four-in-hand.

Reginald was not long in joining the party.

His first surprise, not a disagreeable one, was that the interior contained four fashionably dressed

ladies, young and certainly pretty, and at that instant, for the first time, his promise of picnic hampers and champagne struck him, he was confounded, but his confusion was only momentary.

"Glad to see you, Roggy; allow me to introduce you to the Honourable Albany Pierrepont: Honourable Albany Pierrepont, Mr. Reginald Chesterton. Albany's so fond of Harry's style of handling the ribbons that he's begged the box-seat, and Captain Seymour will drive Albany's four down and join parties with us on the hill. That'll be awfully jolly; et nullus error, as the chief baron says."

"Extremely glad, Friend Seldon, to meet your friend, Mr. Pierrepont. But I have committed a shameful oversight in the matter of the provision hampers—"

"Which has been rectified by mistake. My friend Wollaston here, whose wine merchant is a brick, and goes down with us, has put champagne à discretion on board, and it is safe under hatches, while Albany says that the stores of edibles on board his drag are more than enough for all the party; but to make sure here comes our extra commissariat."

And sure enough at this very moment there drove up rapidly a light covered cart, from which two handsome white willow hampers of rare pattern were quickly transferred to the roof of the coach.

Reginald, with his Templar friends and Mr. Jackson, the "City swell," now mounted to the roof; Mr. Pierrepont occupied the box-seat; the guard, a natty groom with cockade, sounded a tarara on his bugle; Harry Stevens squared his elbows, and awaited the "all right" from behind, when a loud voice hailed them with:

"Hoy! hi! coach ahoy! you're not going without me!" and the speaker caught hold of the door-handle.

"Not in there," shouted the groom.

"Know this gent?" asked he of the coachee.

"Of course, my fine fellow," gasped the almost breathless man; "mornin', Mr. Chesterton; mornin' Mr. Seldon; mornin', Mr. Jackson."

All the parties named looked down, and there stood Dick Patter, his shiny silk hat waving in his hand, and bowing theatrically.

"Let him up, John, simultaneously came from half a dozen voices, and no sooner were the words uttered than Dick Patter ascended, like a harlequin, the three steps of the dickey and was safely seated beside the bugler.

"All right behind!" exclaimed that personage.

The coachman gathered the ribbons tight and

gave a touch of the whipcord over the shoulder of the near leader, there was a "hooray" from half a dozen of the bystanders, three catherine wheelers turned by a shoeless Seven Dials urchin on the pavement were rewarded by half a dozen halfpence, and away rattled the coach down Regent Street, into Pall Mall, through broad Parliament Street, and along where narrow King Street stood, turned with a sweep into Bridge Street, now no more, over the old bridge of Westminster, also passed away, and, with another flourish of the keyed bugle, pulled up at the "Elephant and Castle," for the bats on the road to the Derby in those days were as strictly observed as the halts of the caravan on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

There was indeed a lively scene.

Chaff of all kinds, from all kinds of people, occasionally witty, often coarse, but always good-humoured. Here flourished the extinct race of go-cart men, with their one-horsed vehicles, useful conveyances in their better days, but "improved of the earth" by the modern cab and later tram-car. Here, too, were taxed carts with springs and unaxed jolters with none, huge vans, crowded with "oi polio," diverted for this day from their ordinary "outing" westward, to Ampton or Bushey, northward to Broxbourne or the Rye House, or eastward to Fairlop or "the Forest." Here were long breaks with two horses, some natty gigs with fast-trotting cobs, phaetons and waggonettes full before and behind, handsome novitiates—with fast young men, and four-wheeler with slow people.

Here my Lord Tommody, too, sat in his cab, Of dark ruff-green, with a lining of drab,

While his high-trotting mare

Goes pawing the air.
Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo's Place
Goes the high-trotting mare at a very smart pace.

Gave a general alarm, but did no great harm,
Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,
Spattering with clay two urchins at play.
Knocking down—very much to the swooper's dismay—

An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way.

Then there were gay landaus, piffetums and barouches, filled with gay ladies, attired in all the creations of West End milliners, with cheese-plate parasols that shaded nothing, and splendid in all the colours of the rainbow and several others newly imported from Paris. With these were mingled travelling carriages with dons and donkey-tamblers with dustmen, all streaming, hustling, busting and pushing along towards the narrow gorge of Kensington Gate.

There the long lines of carriages moved at various paces over Clapham Common, by Balham and Upper Tooting, where a divergence of half the stream of the faster drags by Lower Tooting, Fig's Marsh Gate and Mitcham relieved the crowd which held on by Morton, Morden, and Ewell.

The last pull up of our hero's drag was at the "Cock," at Sutton, at the top of the trying chalk hill, whence they rattled on into the quaint old village of Epsom, renowned in ancient days for the supply of sulphate of magnesia, but in modern times far more famous for its concourse of chivalry on its boasted Downs.

Arrived at Isumley's "Spread Eagle," the last halt was made on the tortuous lane of Warren Hill, where the tortuous lane of Warren Hill was climbed and the constantly varying kaleidoscope of human life which the down journey had presented was changed for the grand panorama of Banstead Downs.

Harry Stevens's company patronized the "Spread Eagle," Lumley's, for there was the sporting headquarters, though the old "Greyhound," facing the Clock-house, and other hosteries large and small, were the rendezvous of the quiet folk and the neighbouring gentry.

The mobility, too, had their resorts, legitimate publics and illegitimate, for in those days the unlicensed vendors of strong liquors as well as the ordinary dealers in ginger pop and lemonade drove a roaring trade in excusable commodities.

Up the hillsides by the tortuous lane, and the broad downs of Banstead lie before them, the grand-stand peopled to its very roof, the course lined with its triple row of carriages, the acres of canvas stalls, fast filling, and the hillside, covered with booths for refreshment or gambling, or both, was alive with visitors.

Harry Stevens's team made its way to its location, a few yards to the right of the running-post and not far from being vis-à-vis to the judge's chair, while in close vicinity, among a complete "park" or four-in-hands, was the vehicle of Albany Pierrepont and those of a dozen of the "Club."

The scene on the Downs has been often described.

Minus the Ethiopian serenaders, represented by a solitary Crow hight Jim, who

Turned about
And wheeled about
And did just so,
And every time I turned about
I jumped Jim Crow,

the sable singers were not, but their place was supplied by three as many swarthy gypsies and the happily extirpated gangs of wayside gamblers and flat catchers, with their pos and thimbble boards, prick-in-the-garter and "three card trick," while a yet more dangerous set had their E. O. and roulette tables under canvas and gigantic umbrellas "all over the down," to the ruin of many a small tradesman, clerk and shop-boy, who there took the first step in dishonesty, leading on the road to ruin.

But there is a larger game being played under the eyes of our hero—the "betting ring" is opposite.

"Oh, what a row, a tumult and a rioting!" says the old song; and what a Babel of confusion.

"That's Jen Blood, the bookmaker," says Dick Patter to his next neighbour. "Downy chug that I'll just step down and follow him to the tune of a few coins."

And Mr. Patter did step down, and sohoing the shout of "I'll take three to one but one," went his way for a time until the interval between two races gave him the opportunity of paying his devols to the eatables and drinkables which were now unpacked, and to which he did ample justice.

Still the Babel of confusion continues: all are shouting, gesticulating, speculating, or speculating, running or being ruined within that white-railed enclosure.

But hark to that warning bell; and see the red-coated officials are riding their stiff-built cobs down the paces and shades.

"Clear the course," and the bell again peals out.

The company in and around the ring breaks up. Some stream off towards the starting-post, others to the grand-stand, or make desperate rushes to the vehicles and parties they have left.

The great, the sorrowful two minutes was at hand; the jockeys, with their toy-looking saddles girthed around them, have weighed; the bell rings for saddling, the horses are led from the paddock, the clothing is stripped from their satin sides, and in the beauty of strength, pride and nervousness—for they are nervous—they are saddled, the girths drawn tight, and their rider is caressed by a lift into his seat.

And now comes for some a warming gale up the ascent which begins the course, for others a slouching lounge and an easy canter.

And now the favourite shines forth, his trainer at his head, the observed of all observers.

"Too light," says a veteran critic. "Can't stay a Darby course."

"The venisons are 'milers,'" rejoins a bystander, "but I'll take fives."

"I'll lay three against and stand it."

"Done!"

"Done!"

During this sort of conversation the horses are got together, and soon after there are twenty-three horses with their silk-jacketed jocks in a tolerably straight line.

And now "They're off!" bursts from ten thousand tongues.

"No! a false start!"

And the delinquent bolters return cackling, curveting, or kicking, as the case may be. Again—go—once more.

"A fair start!"

"They're off!"

And before the echo of the full diapason of that myriad-piped organ has returned, multiplied and confused, from the face of the opposite hill, the brilliant crowd of many steeds and tulip-coloured riders is in full career up the hill—a flying rainbow—brilliance, speed and thunder.

The thunder of the hoofs is lost in the roar "Heres they come!" though no syllable is distinguished.

And, oh! just such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in the upper air.
Oh, life and death were in that shout,
Revol and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair!

All these passions were there with the desperate turfite, the aristocratic "plunger," and the humbler

gambler, shuddering with an inward consciousness that those two minutes decide his fate.

The race is over.

See yonder is the conquering steed, led by his trainer surrounded by an admiring and shouting crowd. But where is the favourite? There he stands, with a small group of professionals; his faults are now knowingly discovered and discussed by a number of those wonderfully wise after-the-event prophets. "He is too light," "He started badly—he was always bad at getting off," "Took too great a liberty with him in making running so soon;" while an equally great authority thinks "He was not set going soon enough within the distance."

The matter which most concerns us and our story is, however, that, when the numbers were run up Reginald Chesterton perceived that he was the winner of about six hundred pounds, in which was included the two hundred and fifty pounds of his newly found "City friend" Jackson.

It would have been well for Reginald Chesterton had he been the loser of the thirty odd pounds, limited as were his means, by the risk of which he had become the winner of six hundred. The hampers were now unpacked, the ladies from the side joined the feast which now sped gaily. The light laugh, the flushed cheek throwing its rosy tint on the pale primrose of the light blouse—or for the fair sex still wore bonnets—flashing eyes, with the minute-gun popping of the creamy champagnes, with hearty congratulations on his cleverness and good fortune from the prettiest of lips—Reginald thought—might well put a more drossy man off his balance.

Reginald drank freely.

Of course there was, as we have already said, a full complement of the swarthy Bohemians, and one of those dark-eyed sybils, her hand daily dressed with silver, having promised Reginald the prettiest woman on the course for a lady-love, he gave way to fate, as he laughingly said, and from that moment attached himself to the siren who had made herself so agreeable.

All things have an end—joy-making and champagne being especially evanescent and effervescent. The bottles were cast to the special vagabond collectors of these articles, plates, cups and glasses are returned by the attendants to the depleted hampers, which are, this time, loosely corded. Mangled legs of chickens, roots of tongue, and fragments of pies, bread and cakes are distributed among the modicant fraternity, small and large, young and old.

The horses are put to, and over turf dappled with the smashed shells of plovers' eggs, gnawed and disjointed bones, the paper jackets of piebald sandwiches, and "cards with cat-tail signs with curses torn," the drags are once more on the road and threading its way through the labyrinth of carriages down the lane to Epsom.

It is well that their John is, as he always was, the model of stoutness in a crowd. In half an hour their gallant bay are doing a steady ten mile pace, and as the last rays of the May-day sun threw long shadows from the grand old elms that lined the park walk of a large house near Wandsworth Common, Harry Stevens pulled up at a preconcerted signal at the iron gate of what once had been a noble country residence, not one of the riotous, wine-flushed party having noticed that their own and another "four" had diverged from the accustomed road on reaching Balham.

"All right, Harry," cried Captain Seymour, driving his drag up abreast of that on which Reginald and his party were seated. "We all had here—at least those who don't go on to town with Stevens."

A servant appeared from the couch gates followed by a halter.

"No, Richards," said Albany Pierrepont, to the man. Then turning to the party on the roof. "I and Seymour have arranged a little finish. Gentlemen, what say you to a mild Woodville and a cooler of claret and half an hour's resherer and toilet? The second drag will stay for you; and then a night at Cremorne, my boys, just across the bridge. Those that say 'aye' dismount; those that must go to town—there's no restriction, gentlemen—will mount with Harry Stevens here, who will carefully ship you all, 'right side up,' according to your directions. By-the-bye, the ladies are included in the invite, for this is Liberty Hall."

A cheer of approval greeted this speech from the box, and, with about three exceptions, the whole party accepted the invite. Dick Patter was not one of the seceders.

Harry Stevens drove off with a light load, and after more than an hour consumed in "refreshing," the party, a trifle more uproarious and noisy than before the halt, rattled over the steep, narrow wooden bridge of Battersea and deposited the revellers at Cremorne Gardens.

We shall not follow Reginald and his companion

through the disgraceful scenes of that night's orgie; suffice it to say it resembled many of those scenes disclosed by the police reports of a quarter of a century ago, but which are no longer possible, at any rate at public places of amusement, in 1875.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It is but a few years since that the noble esplanade of the Northern Thames Embankment obliterated a line of the dingiest, dullest, and in places most dilapidated fore-shore edifices which disgraced a respectable quarter of the south-western division of the great metropolis.

In one of the steep streets between Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges, having an inlet from the Strand and ending in a cul-de-sac railed off from the Thames' tidal mudbank, dwelt Mr. Moss Solomons, an advertising discounter, money-lender, and, as he called himself at his "city office," bill-broker. Mr. Moss Solomons was the also anonymous proprietor of several advertising "loss-offices," which were scattered about the suburbs, where a "quiet business" was done in selling prospectuses, books, of rates and "forms," at 3d. to 6d. each to be filled up by postulant borrowers, and which were then followed, in numerous instances, by one, two, three shillings of "inquiry fee and mileage," to be supplemented by a requisition for more fees for other, or another, better reference or security, until the wretched mechanic, clerk, or small tradesman's hope and resources were exhausted, and in ninety cases out of a hundred no cash at all was advanced. The managers ("mythical personages") not holding themselves bound to assign any reasons for declining a loan.

The few cases in which advances were made were generally upon the security of government, bankers', or merchants' clerks in permanent situations, and whose dread of exposure as borrowers would compel them to pay any amount in the shape of fees for arrears, office charges, letters, and other impositions.

Mr. Moss Solomons did not appear in this lower branch of his trade or profession. His extensible business was, to copy his advertisement, with "noblemen, beneficed clergymen, officers in the army or navy, and others who may require temporary accommodation"; these were informed that "a gentleman with 50,000/- to invest," was ready, without delay, to discount their notes of hand "or purchase advantageous, advance money on deposit of title-deeds, bonds, mortgages, etc. The utmost secrecy observed. Address, post paid, to—, etc."

The communications were, in the first instance, addressed to some chambers at the West End, where, if anything unpleasant should arise, the place was vacated, and the dape lost all trace of the "gentleman with 50,000/- to invest." If, on the other hand, the fish seemed worth playing Mr. Solomons appeared upon the scene, but merely as the agent of the unseen capitalist in the background.

Mr. Moss Solomons had a brother once, an attorney in the Palace Court, another an officer of the Sheriff of Middlesex, he had a son in "the cigar line," of course an importer, and also a son-in-law a wine merchant; so that in these days of ex. sa. and ex. fa., any spendthrift young man of good connection or expectancies who might fall into the family circle of the Solomons, in the matter of "that little bill," would indeed, in the language of the lodging-house keepers who inhabit the southern limit of the district now marked W.C., be "taken in and done for."

Besides these nets, Mr. Solomons duly posted circulars every term to certain selected undergrads of the two universities, who were inquired out as likely to engage in "kite-flying," as circulating promissory notes or acceptances bearing on their face the conventional falsehood of "value received," was then called.

In these the attention of the victim was called "to the way of doing business," adopted by Messrs. Barclay, or Gurney, or Goldsmith, which appeared to consist in lending, at the smallest amount of interest, any amount of their large capital without disagreeable inquiries and with "the most inviolable secrecy and the utmost promptitude."

Mr. Moss Solomons had further a share in a St. James's "hell" and a minor theatre. These enabled him to retain, without cost, in various subordinate positions, sundry jacks, who sought out human prey for the lion of the tribe.

Among these wretches was one Bowman, an un-qualified attorney, whose dishonesty and excesses had sunk him to seek a miserable subsistence as a sham bail, writ-server and watcher for sheriff's officers.

This unmitigated scoundrel had lately had what he called "a turn of luck."

Having succeeded by some means in possessing himself of a secret seriously compromising a profi-

gate nobleman of large fortune, Mr. Bowman had leagued himself with a notorious attorney, the proprietor of an infamous newspaper, of a character now happily suppressed, and by threats of exposure and abominable iniquities, so terrified the delinquent that a large sum had been paid as hush-money. Bowman's share in this plunder had enabled him for a while to appear in an exemplary suit of professional black, with spotless frilled lines and a lustrous single-stone brilliant pin in his shirt front, a massive old-fashioned mourning-ring on the third finger of his left hand, a quiet-shaped, white-lined beaver, from a Chapside maker, black-awn black kid gloves from Glenny's, wellingtons splendid with Day and Martin, in short, from top to toe Mr. Bowman looked on the morrow we introduce him to the reader a model attorney, of good practices and substance.

We must, however, hark back for a few paragraphs.

Reginald Chesterfield had left his apartments in the terrace at Baywater. They did not suit him, and his hours, as well as the style of friends who occasionally dropped in upon him, certainly did not suit the proprietor of the house and his other inmates, so that Reginald took his departure without regret.

He still held his appointment in the bank, but his father's friend, the manager, had no longer that perfect confidence in him which he had formerly entertained. The discovery of the genuineness of the certificate of ill-health had been unfortunately coupled with the discovery of the companionship of Reginald with a very notorious set of young men, his participation in the disgraceful night scenes in the Haymarket and its police-office exposure. In the hope that all this was a mere youthful escapade of a young man new to London life and that the regret and humiliation which Reginald expressed himself as feeling were sincere, the kindly manager confined his remarks to some serious and excellent advice, and at the earnest request of Reginald consented to withdraw from the directors and his parent, though he could not, he said, bury in oblivion, the circumstances which had led to his temporary absence from his duties; which were therefore placed to the account of indisposition.

He was now occupying a small cottage once in the region of St. John's Wood, and— we cannot disguise the truth—he had just finished breakfast, but not alone. A lady in a modish negligee presided at the breakfast-table. Reginald had just donned a dark brown Chesterfield, and was about to leave the room, when "a neat-handed Phillips" brought in a card.

"The gentleman waits to see you on particular business, he says."

"Bowman? Bowman? solicitor? Don't know him. I'll see him, though. It's rather late; we must talk as we go along. Ta-ta, Peggy, dear, be back at five," and Reginald Chesterfield hurried out, and encountered in the hall the very well-dressed and outwardly respectable Mr. Bowman, to whom we have lately introduced the reader.

Mr. Bowman's "good luck" had again served him; for had the fashionable young lady, who was no other than the Peggy Pratt, whose exit for Broadmoor without "a character" or rather with a bad one, some four years previous, we have recorded, caught a sight of Reginald's visitor, Mr. Bowman, that gentleman's "little game" would have been stopped at first card he played. Reginald, however, was, as all the world is at first, taken in by appearances. He apologised for his want of time, and proposed that they should discuss business as they walked through the squares."

This arrangement, however, of a "walk through the squares," by no means fell in with Mr. Bowman's idea of a "business" parlor. He feared the probability of a recognition by some acquaintance of a sort that would not be quite reconcilable with his assumption of high respectability. So being, as he termed it, "well dressed," he hailed a hansom, into which they both of them stepped, and in the few minutes which elapsed ere they stood near the door of the bank he had made an appointment with Reginald for half-past five at a café in Regent Street. For it must be confessed that Reginald did not like business friends to become acquainted with his domestic arrangements; while on the other hand Mr. Bowman had no desire that any female should be a third party at their interviews, especially when that female would be, as he legally phrased it, "in the interest of the other party."

As the hour approached a passer-by might have seen that highly respectable personage Mr. Bowman, with a blue brief-bag in hand, planted at the corner opposite the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, watching obliquely the crossing at the end of Hanover Street, by which he knew his victim

must approach the rendezvous. Reginald was punctual, and no sooner did Mr. Bowman see him enter the café than he rubbed his hand with cynical glee.

"There he goes, like a lamb to the slaughter, or rather like a sheep to the shearer, and won't Solomon shear him close? I'm dead sure of one thing, that time and trouble—I've had my share of the latter—have altered me much. I wonder whether the old Spartan who quoted me out of his house in Eaton Square, because I assailed his vinegary virtue in the matter of some ten thousand a year and a splendid outfit, would recognise me now. Perhaps he would. He saw much more of me than Master Hopeful did, who don't seem to suspect that rejected friend of the family, Ephraim Ferrett, and Edward Bowman, solicitor, may turn out to be one and the same person. How old Cincinnatus would lift up his eyes and hands if he could only see his well-trained son employing Ephraim Ferrett as his agent, or go-between, in effecting some advances from a philanthropic capitalist, who has 30,000/-, never less, at the service of young gentlemen who have outrun their income, or anticipated their reversions."

"Hal hal! thirty-five minutes past five and the bird has walked into the trap."

So saying Ephraim then passed his bandanna-things round his beaver, dusted his Wellingtons with a dip from the same implement, pulled down what he called his knuckle-busters, and after adjusting the starched and plaited frill, which was in shape like the dorsal fin of a porpoise, projected from the front of his cambric waistcoat, he gave one smile of approbation to his diamond pin, and emerging from the shallow portico which he had selected as his stand-point of observation, crossed the broad street and entered the café restaurant.

On the first floor, at a table already laid for two, Mr. Bowman found Reginald, and an order for some filleted soles à la maître d'hôtel and, on the waiter's recommendation, a truite à la Génoise, with a chicken au bechamel, the dinner was soon under way.

A demi-bottle of Steinberger with the fish, a glass of Château Margaux with the appropriate entrée of sweetbreads à la financière, and a pint of sucre with the poulet and the cotelettes d'agneau à la jardinière was moderate, and by the time the cheese was placed on, with a special bottle of Sauterne's comet, as Mr. Bowman's suggestion—for in his heart he detested the light French and German wines—that gentleman had made his thus seeking out and introducing the subject of cash accommodation the most natural occurrence possible.

He had become aware, purely by accident, that Jackson, who's a good fellow, held Reginald's L.O.U. for a paity hundred, but at the Saville on the green cloth the other night. It struck him—Mr. Bowman—that such a piece of paper should be redeemed without delay.

He then remarked that there were several ways of doing so; the best, he thought, which would give a balance of ready money, would be an acceptance at three months for 160/- or two at three or four months each of 75/-, which he—Bowman—could get done, or if Reginald would like some wine sent in it would facilitate the discount, as one of his—Bowman's—clients had a quantity of warrants for wine in dock, on which he had made cash advances.

Reginald once or twice found Mr. Bowman's proposals jar upon his nerves, but he had not of late been fortunate either in his turf bets or his play, besides his home and personal expenses had imperceptibly multiplied since he left Baywater.

Mr. Bowman pushed the discanter quickly, and at length, in reply to a proposal from Reginald to meet the next day to talk over the affair, Mr. Bowman at once brought matters to a crisis and carried his point by a coup de main.

"To-morrow, my good young friend"—there was not much to choose in their ages—"is a day that never comes; and, now I think on't, I have an engagement, let me see, yes, for to-morrow—yes, the twenty-first—most counsel at twelve sharp. I have also a case on, not a heavy one, in the Common Pleas."

Here he drew a limp, dark purple morocco notebook with an expanding pocket from his breast and consulted some business-looking documents.

Reginald, who had not taken two glasses of port to Mr. Bowman's one, would have stood no chance in a drinking bout with such a seasoned soaker, was excited by the heat of the day, by the wine, by his embarrassments, and rendered almost reckless by an inner consciousness of the disgrace and shame of the life he was leading. Like thousands of other young men he had not the moral courage to stop short. He flattered himself, with fatuous composure in such cases, that his cleverness or good fortune

would enable him to extricate himself from his debts, by means of these acceptances, and once free, he would renounce his loose connections (he thought only of the male ones) attend strictly to his business, and become—he did not exactly know what. With this wondrous piece of what the Spanish proverb calls “hell’s pavement” indistinctly in view, he shut his eyes against the inevitable consequences of his evil ways, gulped down another bumper of port, and assented to Mr. Bowman’s arrangements for what he called “arranging this little matter.”

That methodic gentleman, somewhat to Reginald’s surprise, though he had passed the point for making objections, proceeded with the drawing out three bills—the first two for 75L each, at two and three months; and then, without a pause, he continued to write the body of a third for 150L also at three months. This he, however, laid aside.

“You see, my dear friend, I have made another bill, but let that pass for the present; we will talk of that by-and-bye. I will get you to write across these two, and submit them to-morrow morning to the client I first spoke of, so that I can meet you with the cash at—well, here will perhaps be as convenient as anywhere—else on Wednesday.” Here Mr. Bowman dipped the pen, placed the first bill on a blotting pad before Reginald, who accepted it, and then the second in like manner.

Mr. Bowman laid them aside, and took up the third.

“I have drawn a third bill for the entire amount,” said he; “to avoid delay, as time is of the essence of this sort of business. It is just probable that, as to-morrow is a very busy day with me, that I may not see my client with whom I propose to negotiate the seventy-fives. In that case, I shall on Wednesday cash the 150L—the two seventy-fives at different dates would not look so well—with a gentleman who discounts largely, and who, dealing with an immense sum of trust-money, is always easy to be now, if it should happen that the acceptor finds a further time convenient. Of course he requires notice if you wish to retire the bill, and he is rather heavier in his charges than my other client. I shall only go to him failing my first channel, in which case we shall cancel the two seventy-fives, or in the other alternative the 150L” While thus talking the third bill was placed before Reginald Chesterton and duly accepted.

“Very good,” murmured Mr. Bowman, as he placed the three bills side by side in his capacious pocket-book, slipped the case into his breast and buttoned it carefully over. “Very good.” Then filling out another glass of port for himself he passed the decanter.

“By-the-bye, Mr. Chesterton,” said Mr. Bowman, carelessly, “do you know anything of Moss Solomons? I’ve an idea he banks with you; pushing fellow that, finger in everything. He’s just bought the lease of a club-house close by; I’m preparing the assignment. I shall see him to-morrow. He’ll do the bits of paper, on my introduction, off-hand.”

Reginald expressed his distaste for Mr. Moss Solomons, coupling it with an observation to the effect that he did know him, through a friend, indeed more than one, and that he had rather not have his done at all than through the medium of Mr. Moss Solomons.

Mr. Bowman pretended to agree with him, but faintly combated what he called a young man’s prejudice.

“Of course, Solomons, like other money-lenders expects to be re-paid, and there may have been something exceptional in the case you mention. I know it is not his general character. Indeed, where he fairly dealt with, Sol’s not a bad fellow. Of course I merely mentioned him as he occurred to my mind in connection with an appointment, my only object, my good fellow, was to have as many opportunities available as possible.”

It was past seven when Reginald remembered that he had promised to take Peggy to see Robert Houdin’s wonders of legerdemain at the Egyptian Hall at eight; he therefore proposed to break up the sitting. Mr. Bowman had also wished to depart, to report proceedings to no other firm than Mr. Moss Solomons himself, though he had not thought it polite to seem in such a hurry to go. Reginald called for the bill (Mr. Bowman had cleverly left to him the ordering of the dinner), and Mr. Bowman made an offer, not a very peremptory one, of his half of the amount out of a bank-note, which had, on more than one occasion, exempted him from small payments. Mr. Bowman, having scanned the bill with a scrutinising eye, though he paid nothing, pronounced it “very moderate,” and, having pocketed one regal, and lighted another, he bade Reginald “good bye” with a hearty shake of the hand, assuring him that he might depend upon his best endeavours in the little affair that had so fortunately begun their acquaintance.

Reginald Chesterton did not feel so satisfied as Mr. Bowman affected to be. A deepening sense of some coming trouble, a feeling that Mr. Bowman, as a stranger, had been too far trusted, an idea that he could not shake off, held possession of him. He did not like that supplemental 150L bill—why did he accept it then? It was done; but why, he could not answer. Well, right or wrong, it was now past recall, and he must hope the best. “Patience: and shuffle the cards.”

To be continued.

BURIED SECRETS.

CHAPTER XIII.

SIR HUGH REDMOND proved himself an impasioned and impatient suitor. Having won the consent of Diana and of her father, he fancied that there was no further obstacle to an immediate marriage. He had been a petted darling of fortune, had had his own way all his life, and could not be made to see why he should not have it now.

When Mr. Paulet came into the drawing-room, an hour or so after Diana had yielded her assent to Sir Hugh’s proposal, to learn how Sir Hugh’s wooing had prospered and how well his daughter had obeyed his injunctions, he was met by the happy lover, who shook hands with him with enthusiasm, announcing his success as much by his looks as his words.

“I share your happiness, Sir Hugh,” said Mr. Paulet, with a glance at his pale daughter. “I shall be glad to welcome you as my son. I knew your father well, and I regard this alliance with his family with peculiar favour.”

“I have been trying to persuade Diana to consent to a speedy marriage, Mr. Paulet,” said the young baronet. “Will you not use your influence to aid me?”

“What has Diana to say against it?” asked her father, a pleased smile on his usual grim, ascetic face. “Have you any good reason, my child?”

The girl blushed, grew paler, and made some incoherent answer.

“As I told you, Sir Hugh,” said Mr. Paulet, with an assumption of benignity, “I consider that blessed is the wooing that is not long a-dowing.” I had known my dear wife but six weeks when I married her, and never was a happier marriage. I know that young ladies sometimes prefer long engagements, but if you are engaged and expect to be married some day, why not be married at once? You have not to lay up money against the happy day. You are rich, Sir Hugh, and my little girl has a small dot which I heartily wish were tenfold larger. I own I should like to see you married. I would like to see Diana settled in a home of her own, for I am getting on in years, and no one knows when I may be called upon to leave her!”

He gave a mournful sigh, which duly impressed poor little Diana.

“You hear, Diana?” cried her lover. “Your father approves our early marriage. We know each other thoroughly. Say, dearest, shall it be a month hence?”

“No, oh, no!”

“Two months, then? This is July. Shall it be in September, darling?”

Diana shook her head.

“A year,” she murmured, thinking of her secret widowhood. “Let us wait a year.”

But Sir Hugh and Mr. Paulet overruled her, and the end of the discussion was that Diana agreed to a marriage early in October.

“I must have three months for preparations,” she said. “Papa, I cannot leave you so suddenly.”

Mr. Paulet was touched at the look she gave him, and urged her no further.

“After all, three months will soon pass,” said Sir Hugh. “I shall refurbish Redmond Hall in honour of our new mistress, Diana, and you shall find that I have not studied your tastes in vain. I shall add a bow window here and there, and make the great old house a very bower for you.”

“You will make your chief home at Redmond Hall, then, Sir Hugh?” said Mr. Paulet.

“It was the house in which I was born, and has always been the chief home of our family,” said the young baronet, “but I shall be guided by Diana’s wishes. I have other estates which she may prefer, yet I am sure that the old Hall, with its village a mile below, its enthusiastic tenantry and pleasant country society, will seem most of all like home to her.”

Diana ventured no opinion. The gentlemen conversed some moments longer, and Mr. Paulet, after inviting Sir Hugh to rejoin to dinner, went back to the library.

The young baronet remained throughout the evening. Before he went away, it was known throughout the house from the butler down to the boot-

black, from the housekeeper down to the lowest scullion, that “our young lady was engaged to marry the rich Berkshire baronet,” and not one of the whole household but had words of regret at the prospect of losing the sunny-tempered, lovely young mistress of the Yews.

Some three days later, Sir Hugh went to his own home, to make the alterations he had suggested, and to prepare for the home-coming of his bride.

The day after his departure, Miss Edgely and Diana, attended by the maid of the latter, went up to Town, to a quiet family hotel in Piccadilly, to order the requisite trousseau.

Mr. Paulet had displayed a liberality in his directions which had astonished the worthy spinster.

“Diana is to have every thing she wants,” he said to the good woman. “She is all the child I have. I shall not save money from her outfit to leave to my heir, a man whom I do not know, but whom I naturally detest. Let her have her fling. Let her buy all the fol-de-rols she fancies. I place no stipulations upon her, but leave all to her caprice or judgment, or both!”

Diana had led a secluded life, as has been heretofore said, but she had a genuine love and appreciation of dainty things. She gratified her taste now. The finest linens, the richest silks and velvets, the costliest laces, were included in her outfit. She selected exquisite jewels, rare perfumes, toilet cases, the thousand and one articles that give charm to a lady’s toilet or luxury to her appointments.

Miss Edgely who was appalled at the requisites and the costliness of these things, took heart again when she observed that, after all, a spirit of moderation as to quantity had governed Diana, and that the sum total was by no means so frightful as she had expected.

“I know about what your papa can afford, Diana,” she observed, graciously. “He has spent comparatively little of his income during the years you were at school—except upon his books; and he expects you to expend more than you have done. Let me see. You have an Indian shawl, or two, besides those your mamma bequeathed to you, a Chantilly lace shawl, jacket, flounces, furs, gowns, linan, everything. You might buy that ruby set we looked at—”

“I don’t want it. ‘Enough is enough.’ No, Miss Edgely, I have finished my purchases, and I am ready to return to the Yews and papa to-morrow.”

But Miss Edgely was not ready. Certain friends of the Paulets had called upon the young lady during their stay in town. The two ladies had been invited out several times to dine, and had driven in the park every afternoon.

“Almost everybody is leaving,” said the spinner, “but there’s life yet in Rotten Row and on the Lady’s Mile, and we don’t see much life on that stupid Dorset heath! I insist upon staying two or three days longer, Diana. If you have any regard or me you will gratify me!”

Diana not only consented, in kindly consideration of the worthy maiden, but she went out alone upon a shopping expedition, much to the good lady’s horror, and when she returned to her parlour she was followed by two porters, carrying parcels.

Miss Edgely sat prim and rigid until they had gone, a frown on her acrid features, a look of severity in her spectacled eyes.

“What have you been buying now?” she asked, sharply. “You must have indulged in some frightful extravagance, since you would not allow me to go out with you. I shall report your wilfulness to your papa—”

“Let me show you my purchases,” said the girl, gently. “I think you will approve them.”

She cut the cords securing the parcels, and displayed a rich black silk dress, completely made, and finished even to the full lace frills in the neck and the wrists.

Then a roll of heavy lavender silk, of magnificent lustre.

Then an Indian shawl with black centre and wide borders.

Then boots, gloves, laces, and an elegant bonnet of black lace with lavender ribbons.

Miss Edgely stared with a wistful expression.

“They are elegant,” she exclaimed. “Very elegant, Diana. But what can you want of them? that bonnet is too old for you. You must have spent fifty pounds this morning, and the things are really more suitable for an elderly person than a young thing like you. You lack a sense of the fitness of things. I shall report you—”

“They are not for me,” said Diana, with a smile quivering around her tender mouth. “They are for a dear old, cross-patch, who frets and scolds at me, but who loves me all the same, I know. They are for you, Miss Edgely, with my love, and you may report me to papa, if you like!”

The "poor relation" sunk back in her chair, giving way to flood of tears. Then, changing her mood, and laughing hysterically, she sprang up and embraced Diana, kissing and hugging her, and sobbing out that she, Miss Edgely, was a hard hearted wicked old wretch, and that Diana was a generous, forgiving angel and that she should never, never forget her kindness.

"You must send your lavender silk to Madame Valerie, to be made up with mine," said Diana, when the spinster had become more composed. "I have spoken to her. She will make a grande dame of you, Miss Edgely, so let a porter carry the parcel round to Bond Street. And put on your black silk, and your shawl and bonnet and we'll take a turn in the park. It's nearly four o'clock."

And cutting short the lady's thanks, Diana danced away to make her toilet for her drive.

At four o'clock Diana, in a pretty little hat of black lace starred with daisies, and a black dress with pearl-coloured gloves, and Miss Edgely, in her new black silk gown, which proved a perfect fit, and with her new bonnet on over her, "fals front," her face more prim than ever, but still shining with delight, went out for their drive.

"Everybody" had not left town, although the weather was grown very warm. The long lines of carriages moving in stately progress up and down the Row seemed undiminished. There were faces young and old, aristocratic and plebeian, there were exquisite toilets, gallant attendants on horseback, all the display of the season.

"How much attention we always excite!" observed Miss Edgely, complacently. "The beautiful Miss Gunnings were scarcely greater objects of attention in their day, though people did go wild about them. Is it my new bonnet, do you think, Diana? I have quite the look of a duchess in it, I think. I am glad I insisted upon hiring a carriage with a coachman in livery for a fortnight. We see a little of the great world before you marry, you notice. Besides, as I write to your papa, daily drives are essential to your health, coming into town after your free life in the open air in the country."

It was true that the occupants of the carriage did excite marked attention, or at least that one occupant did. The fresh young face beside Miss Edgely, with its high-bred look and its pure and perfect beauty, was one to excite attention anywhere.

"I have been in town before," said Miss Edgely. "I know some faces. There is one in the carriage we are about to meet that I have seen somewhere before. Let me see. Where could it have been? It's a grand old face, is it not?"

There was a momentary blockade, the two carriages stopped abreast and Diana Panlet, raising her splendid eyes, looked full in the frosty orbs of the Earl of Thorncombe!

That glance thrilled her through and through.

An instant later the blockade was raised, and Lord Thorncombe, raising his hat, was borne in one direction while she was carried in another.

"Yes, a grand old face," said Diana. "A haughty face, but a noble one. I wonder who he is?"

While the earl sighed heavily.

"Did you see that face, Piers?" he said, addressing Dalyell, who sat opposite to him, with his back to the horses, quite out of range of Diana's casual vision. "That perfect face, Dalyell? Who is she?"

Dalyell leaned forward, peering at Diana, whose face was half-turned to glance after the earl, but who did not see him nor his companion.

Dalyell took in the splendid loveliness of the young face in one look, and said, in a changed voice:

"By George! She is a beauty! A stranger in town, too, for I know nearly every face seen habitually on the Row. One of the most superb beauties I ever beheld! The most superb, I mean. I never saw a creature to compare with her."

"The face is so pure, so tender, so sweet," said the earl. "Dalyell, is not strange that we find no clue to my granddaughter, or to Mrs. Ryan? I went down to Kingaton yesterday to see Lockham, who is settled in his new house. He says he thinks he saw Mrs. Ryan a second time a fortnight or more ago, in Regent Street, one dark night, when you were with him, and she ran away as before. He told me how you pursued her, and that he did not see you again until the evening. Did you get near enough to her to see her features?"

"No," said Dalyell, "she soon outstripped me. I went back disappointed to Regent Street, but Lockham did not reappear and I came home. I begin to think that Mrs. Ryan is dead, else we should long ago have found her."

"But the girl, little Blanche? I know she is not dead, Dalyell. I feel that she is living. But who and what is she? I love her—this unknown descendant of mine, Piers, this girl whose existence

sprang from mine, the daughter of my favourite son, the last being on this earth in whose veins flows blood kindred to mine! Yes, I love her. I yearn for her. But what is, and who is she, this granddaughter of mine? To what object are my affections and yearnings going out? Dalyell, I would give all I have in the world to find a grandchild like that girl youder we just passed—a grandchild to soothe and brighten my last days—to close my eyes when I die!"

Dalyell did not give expression to his thoughts, which ran in this wise:

"The earl is right. That girl we passed is exquisite. I mean to see more of her—to find out who she is! So my lord wants such a little participant for a grandchild, does he? Well, I'd like her for a wife. But fate, my lord, has sent a different creature to that your descendant and my wife. Could a greater contrast be imagined than that between this haughty beauty of the carriage and Mademoiselle Zoe of Bingley's? Yet Mademoiselle Zoe is Lord Thorncombe's heiress, and I am to marry her within a week! Oh, curse the luck!"

Piers Dalyell was at the entrance of Bingley's Music Hall, in Blackfriars Road, by eleven o'clock upon the evening following his introduction to Mademoiselle Zoe. He was dressed with scrupulous care and with faultless taste, desiring to impress upon the young woman a conviction of his superior rank and his pecuniary resources. His moustache was carefully waxed. He was engaged in the cultivation of a pair of side-whiskers, such as his brother Philip Ryve had worn, and which he fancied would better conceal the mouth whose hideousness was a source of annoyance to him. But the short hair on his cheeks had been so carefully combed and brushed and perfumed that it scarcely detracted from the elegance of his personal appearance.

A blue frock-coat, a lavender tie, a diamond shirt-stud, lavender gloves, these marked a vast social gulf between him and the frequenters of Bingley's. He did not go in. He was a connoisseur in cigars, and the odour of bad tobacco, the stale smoke, the smell of beer, the curious glances of others, all made the "hall" distasteful to him. So long as nothing was to be gained by going in, he preferred to stay without.

He halted in the doorway, perusing the placards and the pictured lineaments of Mademoiselle Zoe. The very low dress, the very bold eyes, the very brazen face, as there represented, of the "celebrated French danseuse" were studied until he grew sick of them, and turned his attention to the passing omnibuses, and to the few stragglers and loungers, who eyed him curiously in turn.

"This is a sweet position for me," he murmured. "I think I'm earning the Thorneys property, bless if I don't! Think of me, Piers Dalyell, Dalyell of the clubs, heir-expectant, et cetera, kicking my heels at the entrance of a low concert hall on the Surrey side! The young woman will have to retire to private life very soon, or the thing will grow unbearable!"

He glanced at his watch, with a smothered curse. As he replaced it, Mademoiselle Zoe, wrapped and hooded in her threadbare black waterproof cloak, came out of the music hall, followed, as usual, by two or three admirers.

He moved forward with alacrity, offered her his arm, and the two passed out into the street, pursued by the jeering laughs of the rejected applicants for her favour.

"Mother isn't with you to-night, is she?" said Miss Ryan, peering about her.

"No, of course, not," said Dalyell, politely. "She knew last night that I intended to see you home. Shall we walk, mademoiselle?"

They were near a gas lamp, and the young woman's bold black eyes surveyed his dress and appearance with a critical and approving glance.

"You look right nobby," she complimented him. "You're no end of a swell. What brought you over to Bingley's? They ain't your sort there. I ain't your sort neither. Now, what is it? Why are you seeing me home?"

This frankness was alarming.

"Why?" repeated Dalyell, vacantly. "The pleasure of your company, mademoiselle—"

"Oh! stow that. 'The pleasure'—I don't care for compliments without they mean something," said this bold young woman. "As to 'mademoiselle,' that's fudge. I ain't no more mademoiselle than you are. I ain't French. I've never been to Paris, and I never want to go. I'm miss, if you please, plain miss, or Miss Lolette."

"Miss Lolette," said Dalyell, promptly. "A lovely name—but I forgot. You don't like compliments, unless they mean something."

"You haven't answered my question, sir. What brought you over here to-night?"

"Well," drawled Dalyell, "you are a most refreshing piece of femininity! I have called for many young ladies to see them home in my day, but this is the first time I was ever brought home to book by the young women themselves for the politeness. To answer you with the frankness you demand, Miss Lolette, I came to see you home because I like your society; I don't think it proper for a young person like you to go home alone, so near the hour of midnight—"

"Oh, nonsense!" said the impracticable Miss Ryan. "It's as proper now as it ever was, isn't it? I'd like to see the man that would dare insult me!" She glared at Dalyell as if she suspected him of a design of that description.

Poor "Mademoiselle Zoe" was but a very rough diamond at best—if she was a diamond at all. Prickly as a chestnut burr, rude, brusque, even uncouth in some of her ways, it was impossible to judge on such short acquaintance if there was anything sweet and good under it—if beside her personal purity she had much to recommend her.

She comprehended how far her own social rank was below that of this new admirer, and she suspected that his attentions were not as respectful as they should be, and that she should be called upon to protect herself from some insulting word or look from him.

"Gentlemen don't run after women like me without some motive," she had already assured herself with commendable shrewdness. "Now has he taken a fancy to me? Does he want to marry me? If not, he can just walk chalks—that's all!"

Whatever may be thought of the obscurity of the young woman's language, her meaning was quite clear. And she meant to present it in unmistakable terms and with equal clearness to Dalyell, having no uncomfortable restraint of delicacy, no feminine shrinking from the task.

"There's not a man living who would dare insult you, after one look into those eyes," said Dalyell, gallantly, and he spoke from a profound conviction. "Why are you so suspicious? I am your true friend Miss Lolette—the truest friend you have on earth. You are beautiful"—he said to himself that no woman could be angry with a declaration to that effect—"and your charms have smitten me like—like—"

"Well?" said Miss Lolette, calmly.

He couldn't go on. He forgot what she had "smitten" him "like."

He made a fresh start.

"My dear Miss Lolette," he said, "I have gone through the world sighing for one true heart. How ever humble it might be let it be true. I have searched for it Diogenes with his lantern."

"Who?" said Miss Lolette, petulantly. "Don't mention your grand acquaintances to me! I don't know 'em."

"He was an old party I've heard of; but never mind him," said Dalyell, convinced that his wooing was exceedingly up-hill work. "I mean to say, Miss Lolette, that I like you, that I'm a gentleman, and rich, and I should like to marry you!"

"Why didn't you say so right out before?" said the young woman, with aggravating coolness, and with an inward flutter of delight. "I like plain talk. How rich are you?"

"Two thousand a year," answered Dalyell, inwardly raging that she had not been overcome by his concession and that she had thought of his money as the chief of his charms.

"That's an awful pile," observed the young woman. "When do you want to get married?"

"As soon as you please, Lolette. You accept me, then?"

"Yes. I'd never have another such chance. A rich West End swell! oh my! But I always keep my word. I've promised to stay at Bingley's the year out, and I must stay. That needn't prevent my marrying you, though. I can live in your West End mansion and still sing and dance at Bingley's."

The project was distasteful to Dalyell in the extreme. His wife a danseuse at Bingley's! His wife a low comic singer in a low concert-saloon! The idea was gall and wormwood to him. But he had learned already that "Mademoiselle Zoe" had a will of her own, and that his will would have to bend to hers for the present.

"Very well, Lolette," he said, blandly. "Have your own way. I have rich relations, and I should not dare tell them of our marriage at present. We should have to be married secretly. Not even your mother must know of our union. Will you consent to this?"

Now, Miss Lolette had her ideas of romance, and his proposition accorded well with them. She gave an unqualified assent.

By this time they had reached Blackfriars Bridge. They halted, leaning upon the parapet, and looked

down upon the river. The night was bright with stars. A slender crescent moon was visible. It was a night for lovers and for lovers' talk. Dalyell fancied that something in this line was expected of him, and quoted Claude Melnotte, and made protestations of devotion, all of which the girl received with unvarying calmness, but with genuine delight. She seemed to herself to have become a heroine of romance. This polished lover, her prospective man-of-age, this strange sweet talk, everything seemed as unreal as delusion.

"You will keep our marriage a profound secret, dearest?" said Dalyell.

"As secret as the grave!"

"I may judge it best to tell your mother. That I shall decide upon hereafter. When shall we be married?"

"You can publish the banns to-morrow."

"I like a special license better."

"Well, I don't," said the young woman, with a touch of suspicion. "If you mean honest, you can have the banns published in St. Andrew's church three Sundays, open and aboveboard. No special license and jugglery for me. And I'll be married honest in St. Andrew's church or not at all. Mother never goes to church. No more don't I, but when a girl marries the more the church has to do with it the better for her!"

"I respect your prejudices. We'll be married at St. Andrew's church, Lolette, the banns shall be published according to law, beginning with a week from next Sunday."

"Very good," said Miss Lolette, mollified. "You see St. Andrew's is a little obscure, hid-away church, and the marriage will be as secret as if it didn't exist, almost."

"Having yielded to you in this, Lolette, I want you to please me in something else. Will you, dearest, take lessons of a teacher in deportment for my sake? I want to present you to my relatives altogether perfect. And will you take lessons in French—?"

"No, I won't," snapped Miss Lolette. "I won't study. I never could. I never would. I shan't now. I'm a woman, and I shan't be put into baby books for anybody. As to my manners, they are good enough for you, aren't they? You wouldn't want to marry me. And if they are good enough for you they are good enough for your relatives. You must take me as I am, or leave me. I don't deny I'm took with you. It's a fine thing to have a real gentleman for your husband, but I won't be pestered. Stroke me the right way, and I'm all purring. Rub me the wrong way, and I get mad. I'm like a cat, you see."

"I do see!" said Dalyell, and he groaned inwardly. But he made a vow in his own soul that he would tame this shrew by-and-bye—that he would compel her to take lessons not only in deportment and French and other scholastic branches, but in meekness and obedience as well.

"Were she the daughter of a hundred earls, I'd never submit to her low bred insolence and rudeness!" he declared to himself.

But he made a feint of yielding.

"My dear Lolette," he said, "you shall have your own way in this and all things, now and always. You shall conclude your year at Bingley's. You shall do what you please. Only it is agreed that you marry me!"

"Yes, it is agreed. I'll marry you in three weeks' time," said the girl. "And when I say a thing I stick to it!"

And so Dalyell's strange wooing was successful.

(To be continued.)

THE HEADLESS LOVER.

On a stormy night, in the tempestuous times of the French Revolution, a young German was returning to his lodgings at a late hour, across the old part of Paris. The lightning gleamed, and the loud claps of thunder rattled through the narrow, lofty streets; but I should first tell you something about this German.

Gottfried Wolfgang was a young man of good family. He had studied for some time at Gottingen; but, being of a visionary and enthusiastic character, he had wandered into those wild and speculative doctrines which have so often bewildered German students.

His secluded life, his intense application, and the singular nature of his studies, had an effect on both mind and body.

His health was impaired; his imagination diseased. He had been indulging in fanciful speculations on spiritual essences until, like Swedenborg, he had an ideal world of his own around him.

He took up a notion, I do not know from what cause, that there was an evil influence hanging over

him; an evil genius, or spirit, seeking to ensnare him and ensure his perdition. Such an idea, working on his melancholy temperament, produced the most gloomy effects. He became haggard and desponding. His friends discovered the nature of the mental malady preying upon him, and determined that the best cure was a change of scene. He was sent, therefore, to finish his studies amidst the splendours and gaieties of Paris.

Wolfgang arrived at Paris at the breaking out of the Revolution. The fury of popular enthusiasm at first caught his ardent mind, and he was captivated by the grand political and sublime philosophical theories of the day; but the sanguinary scenes which followed and shocked his sensitive nature disgusted him with society and the world, and made him more than ever a recluse.

He shut himself up in a solitary apartment in the *Pays Latin*, the quarter of students. There, in a gloomy street, not far from the monastic walls of the Sorbonne, he pursued his favourite speculations. Sometimes he spent hours together in the great libraries of Paris, those estuaries of departed authors, rambling among their boards of dusty and obsolete works in quest of food for the unhealthy appetite. He was, in a manner, a literary ghoul, feeding in the charnel house of decayed literature.

Wolfgang, though solitary and recluse, was of an ardent temperament; but for a time it operated merely upon his imagination. He was too shy and ignorant of the world to make any advances to the fair, but he was a passionate admirer of female beauty, and in his lonely chamber would often lose himself in reveries on forms and faces which he had seen, and his fancy would depict out images of loveliness far surpassing the reality.

While his mind was in this excited state he had a dream which produced an extraordinary effect upon him. It was a female face of transcendent beauty. So strong was the impression it made, that it remained again and again. It haunted his thoughts by day, his slumbers by night; in fine, he became passionately enamoured of this shadow of imagination.

This lasted so long that it became one of those fixed ideas which haunt the minds of melancholy men, and are at times mistaken for madness.

Such was Gottfried Wolfgang, and such his station at the time I mention.

He was returning home one stormy night through some of the old and gloomy streets of the Marais, the ancient part of Paris; the loud claps of thunder rattled among the high houses of the narrow streets. He came to the *Place de Grève*, the square where public executions were then carried out. The lightning quivered above the pinnacles of the ancient *Hôtel de Ville*, and shed flickering gleams over the open space in front.

As Wolfgang was crossing the square, he shrank back with horror at finding himself close to the guillotine. It was the height of the Reign of Terror, when this dreadful instrument of death stood ever ready, and its scaffold was continually running with the blood of the people's enemies. It had that very day been actively employed in the work of death; and there it stood, in grim array, amidst a silent and sleeping city, waiting for fresh victims.

Wolfgang's heart sickened within him, and he was turning, shuddering, from the dreaded engine, when he beheld a shadowy form cowering, as it were, at the foot of the steps of the scaffold. A succession of vivid flashes of lightning reverberated more distinctly; it was a female figure dressed in black. She was seated on one of the lower steps of the scaffold, leaning forward, her face hid in her lap and her long, dishevelled tresses hanging to the ground, streaming with the rain, which fell in torrents.

Wolfgang paused.

There was something awful in this solitary monument of woe.

The female had the appearance of being above the common order. He knew the times to be full of vicissitudes, and that many a fair head which had once been pillow'd on down now wandered homeless. Perhaps this was some poor mourner whom the dreadful axe had rendered desolate, and who sat here heart-broken on the strand of existence, from which all that was dear to her had been launched into eternity.

He approached and addressed her in the accents of sympathy.

She raised her head and gazed wildly at him.

What was his astonishment at beholding, by the bright glare of the lightning, the very features which had haunted him in his dreams. They were pale and disconsolate, but ravishingly beautiful—oh, so beautiful!

Trembling with violent and conflicting emotions, Wolfgang again accosted her. He spoke something of her being exposed at such an hour of the night,

and to the fury of such a storm, and offered to conduct her to her friends.

She pointed to the guillotine with a gesture of dread significance.

"I have no friends on earth!" she said.

"But you have a home?" inquired Wolfgang.

"Yes in the grave!" was the solemn response.

The heart of the student melted at the words.

"If a stranger dare make a proposal," said he, "without danger of being misunderstood, I would offer my humble dwelling as a shelter, myself as a devoted friend. I am friendless myself in Paris, and a stranger in the land; but if my life could be of service it is at your disposal, and should be sacrificed before harm or indignity should come to you."

There was an honest earnestness in the manner that had its effect. His foreign accent, too, was in his favour; it showed him not to be a huckster inhabitant of Paris. Indeed, there is an eloquence in true enthusiasm that is not to be doubted. The homeless lady confided herself implicitly to the protection of the student.

He supported her faltering steps across the New Bridge, and by the place where the statue of Henry IV had been overthrown by the people in their rage against the monuments of a royalty which had been their curse.

The storm had abated, and the thunder rumbled at a distance.

All Paris was quiet; the great volcano of human passion slumbered for a while, to gather fresh strength for the next day's grand eruption.

The student then conducted his charge through the ancient streets of the *Pays Latin*, and by the dusky walls of the Sorbonne, to the great, dingy house which he inhabited. The old portress, who admitted them, stared with surprise at the unusual sight of the melancholy Wolfgang with a female companion.

On entering the apartment, the student, for the first time, blushed at the coarseness and indifference of his dwelling. He had but one chamber—an old-fashioned saloon—heavily carved and fantastically furnished with the remains of former magnificence; for it was one of those vast mansions in the quarter of the Luxembourg Palace which had once belonged to nobility. It was lumbered with books and papers, and all the usual apparatus of a student; and his bed stood in a recess at one end.

When the lights were brought and Wolfgang had a better opportunity of contemplating the stranger, he was more than ever intoxicated by her beauty.

Her face was pale, but of a dazzling fairness, set off by a profusion of raven hair, that hung clustering about it. Her eyes were large and brilliant, with a singular expression that approached almost to wildness. As far as her black dress permitted her shape to be seen, it was of perfect symmetry. Her whole appearance was highly striking, though she was dressed in the simplest style. The only thing approaching an ornament which she wore was a broad black band round her neck, clasped by diamonds.

The perplexity now commenced with the student how to dispose of the helpless being thus thrown upon his protection.

He thought of abandoning his chamber to her, and seeking shelter for himself elsewhere. Still, he was so fascinated with her charms, there seemed to be such a spell upon his thoughts and senses, that he could not tear himself from her presence.

Her manner, too, was singular and unaccountable. She spoke no more of the guillotine. Her grief had abated.

The attention of the student had first won her confidence, and then apparently her heart. She was evidently an enthusiast like himself, and the enthusiasts soon understood each other.

In the infatuation of the moment Wolfgang avowed his passion for her.

He told the story of his mysterious dream, and how she had possessed his heart before he had ever seen her.

She was strangely affected by this recital, and acknowledged to have felt an impulse towards him equally unaccountable. It was the time for wild theory and wild actions. Old prejudices and superstitions were done away; everything was under the sway of the goddesses of reason. Wolfgang was too much of a theorist not to be imbued by the new doctrines of the day.

"Why should we separate?" said he; "our hearts are united."

The stranger listened with emotion.

"You have no home or family," continued he. "Let me be everything to you; or rather let us be everything to one another. I pledge myself to you for ever."

"For ever?" said the stranger, solemnly.

"For ever!" replied Wolfgang.

The stranger clasped the hand extended to her.

"Then I am yours," murmured she, and sank upon his bosom.

The next morning the student called forth at an early hour to seek more spacious apartments, suitable to the contemplated change in his situation.

When he returned he found her laying with her head hanging over the bed and one arm thrown over it.

He spoke to her, but received no reply. He advanced to awaken her from her uneasy posture. On taking her hand it was cold—there was no pulsation—her face was pallid.

In a word she was a corpse!

Horrified and frantic, he alarmed the house. A scene of confusion ensued. The police were summoned.

As the officer of police entered the room he started back on beholding the corpse.

"How did this woman come here?" he asked.

"Do you know anything about her?" cried Wolfgang.

"Do I?" exclaimed the officer; "she was guillotined yesterday!"

He stepped forward, undid the black collar round the neck of the corpse, and the head rolled on the floor!

The student burst into a frenzy.

"The fiend! the fiend has gained possession of me!" shrieked he. "I am lost for ever!"

They tried to soothe him, but in vain. He was possessed with the frightful belief that an evil spirit had re-animated the dead body to ensnare him. He went distracted, and died in a madhouse.

A. C. W.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

THESE was great excitement one forenoon, in the little and obscure rural village of Wyke Regis, in the south of England. The entire population was astir. The church bells were ringing gaily, while the church itself was profusely decorated. The festivities were in honour of the marriage of Lucy Harland, the curate's pretty and amiable daughter, with the young, handsome, and gallant Lieutenant Ferdinand Seymour, of the Rifles.

The appearance of the small revelling party commanded by Seymour had created quite a commotion in Wyke Regis. The principal social result of the visit was Seymour's early engagement to Lucy. Captivated by her innocence, freshness and vivacity, as different from those of his city acquaintances, the already blushing man of the world offered her his hand, which Lucy accepted, won by his gentlemanly bearing, and the pretty uniform of the soldier, which so many female hearts find it difficult to resist.

A rumour reached Lucy's ear, shortly after their engagement, that Seymour was intemperate; and to her dismay and grief she had since then detected symptoms of it, which, but for her awakened suspicions, might have passed unnoticed. This was her first love, and she loved deeply, and with all the enthusiasm of a young and ardent nature. And, trusting in her power to reform what she deemed a venial fault, she consoled herself with speaking seriously to her betrothed on the subject, and obtained a promise that he would amend.

Lucy was just the woman to guide and reform Seymour, had circumstances permitted. Want of occupation and of proper companionship were the chief causes that led him to dissipate; and that vice her love and society would have easily continued to lure him. In other respects the alliance might have been a fortunate one for her. Seymour was well connected; was the nephew of a baronet, and heir to a valuable property on attaining his majority, an event which would not occur for another twelve months.

Unfortunately, his friends were dissatisfied with the match; thought he might have done better than wed a poor curate's daughter; that he might have married a rich, or at least a more aristocratic, wife; would have nothing to do with Lucy.

Thus it happened that the bridegroom had not a single relation at the marriage, to the great disappointment of the villagers, who expected a brilliant display of red coats and titled people. But Lucy had heaps of friends, including the best people of the neighbourhood, for both she and her father were beloved. Prominent among them was a young lawyer, formerly Lucy's favourite playmate, and now her ardent but secret admirer, who saw that he had been eclipsed by his more fortunate rival, and wisely withdrew in time from the contest.

Seymour kept his pledge faithfully, and Lucy's life was a very pleasant one. Her only source of uneasiness was the coolness of his relatives, although that did not trouble an independent nature like her's much. The first cloud in their career, however, soon

came. Seymour was ordered to India with his regiment. Lucy was eager to accompany him, but the state of her health was such as to prevent it for a time.

A speedy result of his removal from home restraints, was that Seymour broke his pledge, and soon became more intemperate than ever: he was seldom completely sober: and it was a daily wonder how he escaped a court-martial. But drink soon told on his health in India. In a few months he broke down; and finally had to be invalidated for the preservation of his life, and was ordered to return home by sailing vessel, a tedious route by the Cape of Good Hope. He was the only passenger by the "Sealark," in which, with few and uncongenial companions, he was left too much to his own resources. Undeterred by the precarious state of his health, he again resorted, without restraint, to his old enemy for solace.

One forenoon, on reaching the Atlantic doldrums, after lying becalmed for some days, they encountered one of those sudden storms peculiar to equatorial regions. A prolonged succession of flashes of the most vivid and blinding lightning was followed by a drenching rain, and that again by a heavy squall which forced them to shorten sail and kept all hands on deck and fully occupied for a couple of hours.

"The worst of it is over, I think," said Captain Bland to the first mate. "But what odour is that, as if something were burning? It comes apparently from the saloon," said he, sniffing over the sky-light.

"I hope the lightning hasn't set us on fire somewhere. It smells like roast meat," said the mate, as he ran below to try to find out from whence it came.

The stewards had been on deck at work or the catastrophe would have been discovered sooner. The mate traced the strange odour to Seymour's cabin. Recollecting that he hadn't been on deck lately and knowing his habits, he knocked, unceremoniously opened the door, looked in, and immediately started back, horror-struck by what he saw. "Good Heaven!" he uttered; then ran to the saloon skylight and shouted "Come down immediately, Captain Bland."

A horrible sight met their view. The cabin was filled with a dense smoke, while Seymour was found lying on the bed burnt to death. That morning, after drinking heavily he had laid down till the storm was over. Shortly after his body had taken fire, its tissues having become preternaturally combustible from long indulgence in ardent spirits. But whether the inherent combustibility had been roused into activity by the lightning or by the flame of a lucifer match—for he had evidently been smoking or trying to smoke—could not be ascertained. *Amis was his hands were completely burned off.* His body clothes and the coverings of the bed were also entirely consumed; the surrounding woodwork being only slightly scorched, like his skin generally.

It was a sad and curious death to die. Captain Bland took the body home, preserved in spirits. Lucy was sitting one evening nursing her infant, when the letter containing the news of her husband's decease arrived. The blow would have been lighter had he returned to die at home in a less horrible manner, and had he lived to see his first-born. For, from Captain Bland's letter, she grieved that his old vice had again enslaved and finally killed him. Though she loved him dearly, notwithstanding all his faults, she now saw her mistake in marrying an intemperate man.

Lucy's troubles did not end with her husband's interment. She met his relations for the first time over his grave. But they were cold, stately, and scarcely deigned to notice her. After the funeral the will was read. Fortunately Captain Bland had forwarded it to herself. Seymour had left the property to his wife for her lifetime, and after that to his heir, whether this should prove to be a male or female. Evidently chagrined, the relatives left, after bidding Lucy a freezing good-bye.

Scarcely a week elapsed when she received notice, through the family lawyer, that her husband's will was illegal, and was to be disputed in the Court of Chancery; first, because he was a minor, and under twenty-one when he made it; and second, because he was legate to the property only on arriving at the age of twenty-one, and, therefore, could have no right to it, as he died before he had reached that period.

An examination of dates showed Lucy that her husband had died sixteen hours before he had attained the age of twenty-one. The question, therefore, was, whether it could be considered that he had reached his majority or not. It was a sharp practice on the part of the plaintiff's to raise such a plea. But there was no help for that. Lucy fel-

that she must meet it, if possible, or lose the property. For her infant's sake, if not for her own, the former was her only alternative. In her dilemma she put the matter in the hands of her old playmate, Stevenson, who had recently been admitted to the bar.

Mainly by his legal skill and exertions, the arguments against the validity of the will were overruled by the Chancery judges before whom it was tried; because the deceased was living on the day which would have completed the period.

Nothing daunted, however, the case was carried before the House of Lords. But here again the plaintiff's were worsted, and the Chancery verdict confirmed. The property, which was valuable, was therefore transferred to Lucy and her infant son.

Twelve months later, a second wedding took place at the little village church of Wyke Regis. Lucy had given her hand to her first admirer, whom the Seymour property case had brought into prominent notice, and who now bid fair to be one of the leading barristers in the great metropolis. His devotion to her cause and interests had won her respect and gratitude; so that he found the wooing and the winning a comparatively easy matter. On asking her hand, she heard for the first time how deeply he had loved her before her first marriage. And years after, in happy days, when she could look more calmly on the past, though she could not fail to see how greatly she had risked her happiness by marrying Seymour, and might have done better had Stevenson been her first choice, she could not help thanking Providence that on the whole all things had turned out for the best.

D.

A UNIQUE STATUE.

THE Genoese correspondent of the "San Francisco Chronicle" tells the following singular story as to the disposition made of the body of the Italian patriot, Mazzini.

The Campo Santo we found, like most of the burial grounds in Italy, crowded with bad modern sculpture in the part sacred to those dead who die in good circumstances, while the corner allotted to the poor was filled with little iron crosses, before which lanterns are lighted when friends visit the graves, and burn slowly out, unless the wind extinguishes them betimes. Just without the walls of the cemetery is an isolated tomb that has a history.

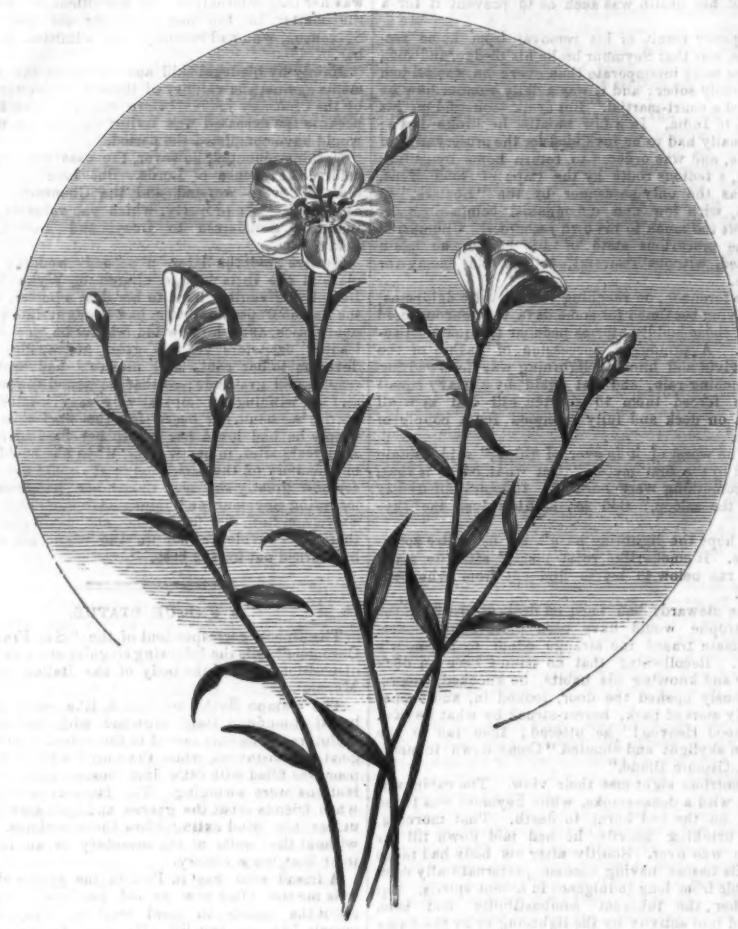
A friend who was in Pisa in the spring of 1872 tells me she often saw an old gentleman walking about the streets in good weather, wrapped in shawls like an invalid. He was known as Dr. Brown; had come from England with an English family, in which he was a tutor. In the March of that year he died, and not till the night before his death did he make himself known to his physician, who was the sole man in Italy aware of the identity of his distinguished patient. It was Mazzini.

As soon as the fact of his death became known the excitement in Pisa was intense. The students gathered in the cafés, and on the following day his remains were borne to the station in solemn procession, followed by a vast concourse of citizens. Mazzini's sister, who lived in Genoa, was not aware that her brother, banished from Italy many years before, had dared to return. Everywhere after his death some memorial services were observed. They were not, however, of a religious nature, for Mazzini was a rationalist.

His body was refused Christian burial, but a physician begged the privilege of preserving it by a species of petrification of his own invention. He was allowed to experiment, and the result in Mazzini's body now repose on a pedestal, clad in a dark dressing-gown with a scarlet binding, black trowsers, kid slippers and black kid gloves, with the fingers cut off like mitts. The flesh is of a bluish-gray colour, and as hard as a brickbat. He repose in the little temple without the Campo Santo, while near at hand, just over the wall, the ashes of his mother are mingled with consecrated earth. The eyes of this stone body are wide open, the hair and moustache very life-like; yet under the circumstance, it is difficult to believe that Mazzini will arise at the sound of the last trump!

THE good wear their years as a crown upon the brow, the bad as a burden on the back.

LOST TIME.—Time lost can never be regained. After allowing yourself proper time for rest, don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely and clear the way to the next thing without letting any of them drop out between.



FLAX.

FLOWERS:

THEIR LANGUAGE, SENTIMENT,
SYMBOLS AND INTERPRETATION.

BY PHILANTHOS.

VOCABULARY.

FEVERfew.—See Chamomile.

The English name Feverfew appears to be a corruption of the Latin word "Febrifugo." Moderns class the Field Chamomile as a Pyrethrum.

FIG. (Ficus Carica.) Argument.

The fig-tree is mentioned both by the earliest of the sacred as well as profane writers. The fig has long been cultivated in England, and if screened from the north-east winds will commonly ripen its fruit here. Its broad, shiny, five-lobed leaves are well known, with their long succulent footstalks, and the persistency with which it survives breaking, cutting and the inroads of bricks and mortar is something remarkable. The fig is doubtless most nutritious and digestible when partially dried; in its ripe state, even when fresh, it is apt to cause pain in the bowels and diarrhoea. The best figs are imported from Turkey and the south of Europe in small drums or boxes, compressed into a circular form, in layers of a yellowish colour filled with a viscid sweet pulp, in which are lodged numerous small lenticular seeds. Figs are used as a cataplasm or poultice to promote suppuration of boils or tumours and in gumboil, made as warm as they can be borne, a fig will be found applicable where no other form of poultice can be applied. The old herbalists extol a syrup of the green-fruit for coughs, hoarseness, and shortness of breath. A good domestic gargle is made thus: Mallow-root 1 oz.; linseed 1 oz.; three figs split open; two pints of water, boil down to one pint and strain.

The word fig has always been used as a word of

contempt or defiance, it may therefore be taken as the symbol of argument and contention. Pistol says to Fluellen, "Die and be d—d, and figo for thy friend-ship!" To which Fluellen replies, "It is well," and the boasting coward adds "The fig of Spain." The explanation of which insult the curious may read in the larger annotated editions. The phrase a fico, a figo, or a figo, occurs in our old dramatists. It was accompanied by an action of contempt or challenge consisting in thrusting the end of the thumb between the fingers in a peculiar manner. Indeed the "fico" as we find by Lodge in his "Wit's Miserie" was also given by "biting the thumb." The idea of contention or argument is suggested by the first scene in the first act of "Romeo and Juliet."

SAMPSON: I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

ABRAHAM: Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON: I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAHAM: Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON: Is the law on our side, if I say, ay?

GREGORY: No.

SAMPSON: No, sir; I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I do bite my thumb, sir.

"A fig for Peter," says the drunken Homer, when about to fight his man Peter in the play of "Henry the Sixth." "When Pistol lies, do this" (and here no doubt the trick with the thumb I have already spoken of was made by the actor); "and fig me like the bragging Spaniard." 2 Hen. IV., a. 5, sc. 8.

Here is surely argument enough for the symbol of "the fico," which is certainly much more pointed than polite in its expression,

FIG MARYGOLD. (Mesembryanthemum.) Idleness.

The Fig Marigold (like the Iceplant, which see) is one of the Ficoides, as its English name implies. Its botanical name Mesembryanthemum is from the Greek "mesembria," midday, and "anthos," a flower, which agrees with the habit of the plant, whose flowers seem to live only in the sunshine, closing up their petals at the advent of cloud or shadow.

Dr. Lindley, in his "Ladies' Botany," vol. II, p. 64, says:

"I scarcely know a more interesting sight in a summer's day, after a storm, than to watch a bush of this flower, which has thrown its weak trailing arms over pieces of rock, and which leans forward to the south, as if to watch the earliest influence of the beams it loves so well. While the sky is darkened by clouds all its blossoms are shut so closely that one would hardly suspect the bush of being more than a tuft of leafy branches, with some withered or unexpanded blossoms scattered on them. But the moment the bright rays of the sun begin to play upon the flowers, the scene changes visibly beneath the eye; the petals slowly part and unfold their almost metallic brilliancy to the sunbeams, and in a few minutes become so many tiny stars, often of the most gorgeous tints, and so entirely hide the leaves that scarcely a trace of them is visible, while the whole bush bursts into a blaze of colour. In this case the phenomenon depends on a peculiar irritability of the petals, the cause of which is one of those mysteries man's limited faculties cannot penetrate."

The fruit of the Mesembryanthemum is eaten by the Hottentots, and being shaped like a fig the plant bears the name of Fig Marigold.

May we trace a reason for its symbolizing Idleness in the way in which it shuts up and goes off lazily to sleep at the first shadow of a rain-cloud?

FILBERT. Reconciliation.—See Hazel.

FIR TREE. (Pinus.) Elevation.

FIR TREE, CONE OF. Time.

The first symbol of the Fir—Elevation, would seem to be derived from its growth on the loftiest mountains and rockiest regions of the earth. Prior says—

The towering Firs in conic forms arise,
And with a pointed spear divide the skies.

The seeds of the Fir Tree have a membranaceous wing and are protected until they are fully ripe by a covering of woody imbricated scales termed a cone. Tar, pitch, and turpentine are the product of this tree, which by its resinous juices defies the most intense cold. Firs grow rapidly in favourable situations, attaining the height of 100 feet and upwards. We have lately had a Fir Tree, the Wellingtons gigantea, lately brought to Europe from California, which is the most magnificent of the conifers. One growing on the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Mountains of that region measured from root to top 150 feet. This stupendous tree grows well in this climate, its verdure is pleasant and its branching graceful. Its attribute of Elevation is therefore appropriate, and its cone, which is almost indestructible when carefully dried, may be taken as the Emblem of Time.

Those lofty Firs, that overtop

Their ancient neighbour, the old steeple-tower
deserve their epithet of lofty but only in a comparative degree when we look at the more recently discovered conebeare of the new Yankee Golden-state.

FLAX. (Linum usitatissimum.) Domestic Industry.—I feel your kindness.—In some vocabularies

The Red Clover, it may be observed, is taken as the general symbol of Industry; Flax as that of peculiarly Domestic Industry, an attribute which is peculiarly appropriate. Its very name, "superlatively useful"—"usitatissimum"—is a passport to its acception.

The azure-blossomed Flax has been cultivated from the very earliest ages for its valuable fibre, the raw material of our beautiful Irish-cloths, cambrics, and other useful fabrics.

The ancient Egyptians have left us pictures of the women of their process of manufacture, and that the women of Palestine used flax is clear, for we are told that Rahab hid the Hebrew spies among the flax spread on the top of her house. The sails of the ships of Tyre too were made of flax (not hemp or cotton). The Greeks got their fine linen in the time of Herodotus from Egypt, and the Emperor Severus was the first cleanly Roman, seeing he wore a linen shirt, while his predecessors wore woollen undergarments, which seems curious, as Pliny speaks of linen so fine as to rival spiders' web and so strong as to yield a sound like the string of a lute. We are told that the Romans introduced the culture of the Flax-plant, but it is not clear, for flax is only just mentioned as a titheable article in the year 1175.

Later on, in the sixteenth century, there were Acts making it compulsory to sow flax in the proportion of one rood to sixty acres of land. Much more flax was formerly grown in England than now.

The poisoning of water by steeping flax led to many prohibitory laws. In Ireland the culture is very extensive.

Then too the best and richest lace is made of flax, which has also this merit that when the articles made of it are worn out by use the rags are convertible to best writing papers and the most beautiful drawing papers. Then the seed of flax is a valuable food for cattle, while from them we squeeze the invaluable rich vegetable oil so greatly prized by the artist, the ordinary house-painter, the veterinary surgeon and the housewife. Rape oil and colza oil are its close relations. Both the Perennial and the Common Flax are often planted in our garden borders and its beauty as a flower is too much overlooked by those who wear its fibre as a clothing or adornment.

There is also a greenhouse plant, the Golden Flax (*Linum trigynum*), with yellow flowers as large as an escholtzia, which is a magnificent importation from the Himalaya Mountains. "I feel your kindness" is not an inappropriate phrase to be expressed by the Flax, but Domestic Industry is a better signification. As to Fate, we suppose that is a classic interpretation. As the three Fates—Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, are represented, the first as spinning, the second as reeling off, and the third as cutting with shears the thread of life.

This function of Atropos is touchingly alluded to in the classical ballad of "Giles Scroggins and Molly Brown," where the bard relates how Giles,

Send her a ring with a posy true :

"If you love me as I loves you,

No knife shall cut our loves in two."

Right fol-de-riddle dol-de-day.

And then comes a fine moral reflection on the mystery of the oracle of the unknown future, mercifully shrouded from the ken of poor mortals :

But scissors cuts as well as knives :
And quite uncertain's all our lives.

The day that they was to be wed,
The Fates cut poor Giles's thread,
So they could not be mar-ried.

Right fol-de-riddle dol-de-day.

In this instance Giles had evidently not benefited by the wisdom of Artemus Ward, who strongly advises us against prophesying "unless we know it beforehand." The other allusion—we could fill a page with classical quotations, is in the Athenian play entitled "A tedious brief scene of Young Pyramus and his love Thisbe, very tragical mirth," played before Duke Theseus at his wedding. Here Pyramus, finding the blood-stained mantle of his love, exclaims :

Approach, ye furies fell !

O, Fates ! come, come !

Cut thread and thrum,

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell.

In which we may note the bathos of desiring the Fates not only to cut the thread, or line, of life, but to snip off the ends, or thrums, of the coarse web, and have done with it entirely. But now, as the web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together, I have spun my serio-comic yarn, and take leave of the *Linum Usitatissimum* by observing that "lin" is Celts for flax, a thread, (and is the same as "line," whence Linen : "Linum" is also the Latin and "Le Lin" the French for flax. As to its use as a styptic, it is named by the kind-hearted Servant in Lear, when Gloster's eyes are torn out, to his fellow,

To be continued.

OVER THE RIVER.

As I sit alone in my cheery little room this evening, listening to the never-ceasing patter of the rain-drops on the roof and against the windowpanes, my heart wanders back to earlier days, and I think, with a saddened heart, of a time in the far away days of my maidenhood when I first knew Jessie Clair. She was my chosen friend and confidant. I never had a secret that she did not share, and, in her turn, she told me all her inmost thoughts and aspirations.

Dear Jessie ! I have known many warm, true friends since the grave closed over your sweet face, but I never felt half the love and tenderness toward one of them that I gave to you, my angel Jessie !

I close my eyes, and again I see her lovely, blushing face, just as she looked when she stood at my side, with her arms tightly clasped around me, as she slowly, falteringly, told me the sweetest secret of her life.

I can truly say that she was beautiful. To me she seemed the embodiment of perfection. Her complexion was wonderful in its transparency and lovely tints, her features were delicately, minutely

chiselled, and in closest correspondence. Her eyes of amber-brown were full of a deep, dreamy light which seemed to steal upon one's senses and steep them into forgetfulness—to thrill one's very soul, and to look straight down into the depths of the heart. Her forehead was low and broad, crowned with masses of fine, soft, silken hair of golden-brown ; across the top of the head it was a mass of waves breaking into ringlets which descended in luxuriant profusion to her slender waist. But in her expression, womanly in its earnestness, child-like in its perfect innocence, lay the real and crowning beauty of her face, which always reminded one of a rare oriental pearl, framed in a setting of richest gold.

I don't know whether Will Hastings fell in love with Jessie at first sight or not. I only know that, as I saw them together day after day a conviction came to me that he did love her, and it was not long before I knew, too, that my shy little friend was not wholly indifferent to this handsome, dark-eyed brother of mine.

And so, when she told me her secret—that Will loved her—and seemed so happy in that love, I too was happy as I heard her low, sweet voice make this confession. For was not Will Hastings, Jessie's lover, my only brother—my noble, handsome Will ? and would not Jessie be sometime my sister in name, as she had long been in heart ?

They were to be married six weeks from that very day ; so we were very busy during the time that followed, and were very gay for a few days preceding the wedding.

At last everything was in readiness ; all the rooms were decorated, and the shelves of the pantries and pastry closet fairly groaned beneath their burdens of dainties.

Jessie's trousseau had arrived, and we had examined and criticised every one of the dainty garments to our hearts' content. I was to be bridesmaid, and we—Jessie and I—were to dress exactly alike.

The morning of the bridal day at last dawned. It was one of those balmy, autumnal days when earth and sky seem more beautiful than in early summer. On the hills there was that soft purplish haze which only autumn brings, and the sky above was without a cloud, save here and there a floating feathery mist which only served to deepen the deep blue of the heavens ; while the Thames shimmered and glinted calmly and quietly in the golden sunshine, a recent frost had just tinted the leaves of the maple with scarlet, and here and there a leaf was falling, and a ripe brown nut dropping through the hazy air down to the ground, and the murmuring river was distinctly heard as it flowed onward, the tall trees, reaching their arms down towards its limpid waters, making a delicious shade.

Oh, how vividly memory recalls every trifling event of that day ! Only a few friends were invited to the reception given at the house, after the ceremony ; but all were welcome to go to the church, which was filled to its utmost capacity.

The music was grand, and a heavenly peace seemed to rest upon the heart of each of us as we emerged from the little golden church, just as the twilight shadows were beginning to fall, and the stars looked down with a holy lustre, seeming brighter than ever before.

It was not a crowded, but a very pleasant and select party that assembled that evening in our stately parlours ; and Jessie moved about among her guests like some little fairy, clad in her bridal-dress of sheeny satin and fleecy lace, with only pearls upon her neck and arms, and in her shining hair, and the wedding-ring upon her finger.

The chimes from the church tower had pealed the hour of midnight ere the party broke up and the last guest was gone. Then my brother, Jessie's husband now, turned to his beautiful wife, and involuntarily wound his arm around her and drew her to him in a quick, passionate embrace, as if he would thus assure himself that she was a reality, and not a myth which would vanish at his touch.

An hour later, and every light had disappeared, and our home was again as quiet as if there had been nothing to disturb its monotony ; but the moon and stars shone over the place, and seemed to breathe a blessing upon the newly-married husband and wife, whom all pronounced so well suited to each other.

"Brightly dawned the morrow's morning" when we were to depart upon the bridal tour (I say "we," for I was to accompany them). There was little time for misgivings amid the bustle and hurry of departure, and after many merry farewells we were at last seated in the train.

Jessie was very, very happy, and her happiness showed itself in the lovely brown eyes, in the delicate flush on her cheeks, and the restless motion of the little golden-brown head, which tossed and turned constantly. Will, too, was happy ; he seemed to be in a dream of bliss.

The day soon waned and the night advanced,

and Jessie's brown eyes drooped ; she nestled her head down on Will's shoulder, and slept soundly.

The day had been very warm, but in the night a heavy storm came up, and the darkness without grew darker as the rain beat against the window, and flashes of lightning broke against the inky sky.

Faster and faster swept the train onward, and Will's head drooped until his ebon locks mingled with Jessie's curls, and in his sleep his arm tightened around her waist, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, came a dreadful crash, and then a flash of lightning lit up the gloom for one brief moment, showing a fearful sight—broken beams, shattered panels and shivered glass, and a boyish form held tightly in amongst the fragments ; while beside it lay the slender figure of the girlish bride, both faces upturned to the pitiless sky—both, both dead !

Oh, Jessie ! Will ! loved ones ! bitter, scalding tears dim my sight, and I can no longer see the words my pencil traces.

The grass and flowers have grown over both their graves for twenty long years, and three other graves have been made beside them. Yes, father, mother, lover—all are gone before to join them, and I, of all our happy household, am left alone. Many trials have been mine ; but, dear Jessie, dear Will, your loss was the greatest of all, and I never can forget you.

By their graves I often sit, but though I shed no tears my heart is aching so sorely that I can bear it no longer. My brain burns and throbs so fearfully, it seems as if it were on fire. How long—oh ! how long must I wait for the angel to take me "over the river?"

M. E. L.

SCIENCE.

INSECT POISON.—Petroleum oil possesses the highest efficacy as a destroyer of all kinds of insects injurious to plants or animals ; and the less purified and consequently the cheaper it is the better. Thirty parts should be mixed with one thousand of water, and applied where required. Vermin of houses may be destroyed by introducing into the holes or cracks a few drops of petroleum. A solution (one to twenty of water) or carbonic acid is said to kill every insect from the size of a mouse downwards.

WHALE POWER v. STEAM.—On a recent voyage of the Cunard steamer "Scythia" from Liverpool to New York, the progress of the ship was suddenly interrupted by collision with a whale. Two blades of the propeller were broken off, and the ship was obliged to put into the port of Queenstown for repairs. Here her passengers and freight were landed and forwarded to New York by another steamer after a week's delay. The whale, it appears, lost his life by the attack, for he was found afloat the next day by a party of fishermen, who towed him ashore. The whale measured 54 feet in length.

INCREASING THE DISINFECTING POWER OF SALICYLIC ACID.—One of the disadvantages attendant upon the use of this long known but recently introduced tasteless and harmless disinfectant has been its very slight solubility in water. The phosphate of soda increases its solubility somewhat, but it has been reserved for a chemist with the euphonious name of Rozsnyay to discover a better means than this. The salt employed by this chemist is one which itself possesses a certain antiseptic power, and this increases the power which the mixture has of retarding putrefaction. This salt is sulphite of soda. If one part of salicylic acid and two parts of the sulphite of soda are dissolved cold in 50 parts of water, the solution will be perfectly clear. The solution does not irritate an open wound in the slightest, and its disinfectant power is so great that, while a certain quantity of milk, to which has been added a solution of salicylic acid prepared with phosphate of soda, curdled in five days at ordinary temperature (60° Fahr.), another portion of milk, to which was added a solution of salicylic acid prepared with sulphite of soda, remained fluid for two weeks.

SPECTACLES.—Numerous as are the comforts provided for the officers and crews of the ships about to explore the Arctic regions, none will be so much welcomed by them as a new kind of spectacle just invented to prevent snow-blindness. The author of this ingenious contrivance is Mr. William White Cooper, the eminent oculist. It is a well-known that a long exposure to the glare of the intense white of the snow in the polar regions is most harmful to the sight ; to meet this difficulty, spectacles of green-tinted glass, surrounded by gauze, have been proposed. These will, however, fail in practice, as the glass part of the spectacles is liable to get dim and clouded, while the gauze and the wire, by means of which the spectacles are fastened behind the ear, will, in the Arctic climate

become so cold that to the human skin they will have the sensation of being made of red hot wire. Mr. Cooper's snow spectacles have neither glass nor iron in their composition, for they are made of ebonite, and are tied on to the head by a velvet cord. They resemble somewhat two half walnut shells fastened over the eye. Their great peculiarity is that the wearer sees through a simple slit in front of the pupil of the eye. By means of an easily-worked little door, or slide, this slit can be made small or large, according to the amount of light found agreeable or painful to the eye. The sides of each eye-box are perforated with minute holes, in order that the wearer can get a side view of objects.

PHYSICAL LIFE AFTER DEATH.

MAN is a physiological trinity. His life is three-fold. At the base, and embracing the phenomena of circulation and nutrition, is the organic life, as Bichat terms it—the life which the animal shares with the plant. Resting on this is the animal life, as exhibited in the phenomena of the sensory nervous system; and intimately connected with the latter, as its highest development, is the mental life, characteristic of man. These three are one, but not inseparable. They are not born together, nor do they always die together.

Death is not a simple phenomenon, nor one of instantaneous occurrence. When man dies normally, as of old age, he dies like a tree, in detail, beginning at the top. The series of slow and partial deaths which, with the old man spared by disease, result in the last end of all is eloquently described by Papillon.

"All the senses in succession are sealed. Sight becomes dim and unsteady, and at last loses the picture of things. Hearing grows gradually insensible to sounds; touch is blunted into dulness; odours produce but a weak impression; only taste lingers a little while. At the same time that the organs of sensation waste and lose their excitability, the functions of the brain fade out little by little. Imagination becomes unfixed, memory nearly fails, judgment wavers. Motion becomes slow and difficult on account of stiffness in the muscles; the voice breaks; all the functions of outward life lose their spring. Each of the bonds attaching the old man to existence parts by slow degrees. Yet the internal life persists. Nutrition still takes place, but very soon the forces desert the most essential organs. Digestion languishes, the secretions dry up, capillary circulation is clogged, in their turn that of the large vessels is checked, and at last the heart's contractions cease. This is the instant of death. The heart is the last thing to die."

This orderly sequence and painless closing of life is, however, comparatively rare. Sometimes the mind dies long before the animal life is seriously affected, as when death is preceded by years of imbecility. Sometimes death seizes first upon the extremities and creeps upward, the mental power remaining intact to the last. Again, the mind may flicker with unwonted brilliancy after the animal life has seemed to go out. In all cases, however, the organic life is the last to yield.

A tree does not die instantaneously when felled, though death begins at that moment; similarly, life persists in the animal body after the thread of animal life is severed. And as slips from a felled tree may be grafted upon a living trunk, and thus escape the death of the parent stem, so may portions of a dead animal be transplanted to the living, and so have their life perpetuated.

If death was immediate throughout the entire organism, such a transference of members without any interruption of their physiological activity would be utterly impossible.

Thus the vital knot of Flourens, the point in the spinal marrow which that physiologist made the seat and centre of vitality, is effectually disposed of. It is true that any disturbance of that portion of the nerve is more fatal than a like disturbance of any other part of the organism; but that is not because it differs in kind from other portions of the nervous system. Life is not more concentrated there than elsewhere; that is simply the initial point of the nerves which animate the lungs; and the breath ceases, and death quickly ensues, when their office is interfered with.

Unlike the remarkable small dog of the nursery rhyme, animals, even the highest of living creatures, do not die "all over" at once. Our bodies are composed of many more or less independent parts, each living its own life, while contributing to the life of the whole, and each dying by itself. The hair and the nails continue to grow, and even the complicated processes of absorption and digestion go on for hours after the life of the organism has apparently ceased.

The throbbing of a frog's heart after its complete separation from the rest of the body is often described as a characteristic illustration of the persistent vitality of reptilian structures. But the human heart will do the same.

ELEMENTS OF PROGRESS.

Review the pages of history and you will find therein recorded the alternating periods of light and darkness in the career of man from the known genesis. You distinguish the thick forest of down-trodden and oppressed manhood, weak from inertia and from tyranny in compelled obedience: you also see the tableland of enlightenment, prosperity and civilization. Our era is replete with manifestations of wonderful progress in science, in art and in knowledge, embracing a wide area, while a succeeding era gives you the exhibition of superstitions fanaticism, engulphing in a sea of wild disorder the evidences of advance during the former age, in which traditions find birth for future mystery regarding lost sciences and lost arts.

But the spectator of to-day, beholding the results of past action, necessarily makes the comparison. There was greatness of man in the past—he works give abundant evidence of this in the existing relics of extensive ruins and vast monuments. There is also greatness of man in the present; living exponents existing on every side exhibit and substantiate the evidence of the *faire*. Who will say which era, standing the test of the comparison, gives evidence of the greatest of the work of man as existing within its limit?

The reader's attention, however, is not sought to prove theories, nor to discover evidences of philosophy, but for reflection upon few thoughts on the existence of aids to progress and their field of continued advance, and perhaps enduring success. Introducing certain sections of advancement in the standing of man, I will, perhaps, dwell upon that prime feature of established success in the basis of all enlightenment and progress, "the field of education"; not that I feel prepared to introduce any new method, or new outline, but that I look upon education and the expansion of the faculties as the basis of all progress that will exhibit advancement and enduring success.

First in the order which I have selected in the elements of true progress, I would distinguish the one of "thoroughness" (a complete and careful analysis of one's knowledge of anything in which a person engages, or is interested by). A laudable endeavour for progress is created by being thoroughly, and consequently accurately, informed in every detail, even unto the minutest, in the branch demanding one's supervision, and thus a series of results are inaugurated giving evidence of a new order of universal progress.

There are many, ay, very many, branches in the economy of the body politic in which there is a decided deficiency of this element and prime auxiliary which I have denominated "thoroughness." Men brought into contact with the wily, though superficial, school of demagogue politicians, become familiar with the "work" which they indulge in, under the appellation of wire-pulling, and early seek a public station, though totally unfit for the position. No man has the right to seek, or to occupy, elevated stations, where rule is exercised over his fellows, who has not the requisite and necessary qualifications.

Again, in circulating among various classes, how often we hear opinions upon various subjects expressed, which are based upon the mere hypothesis as to the fact, when the very opposite is known to be the true state of things? Speakers often rise to debate a question, seeking to establish their argument, which rests on the slight basis of uncertainty, and counting on the address to carry weight and force with no other quality than the audacity and perhaps eloquence of the speaker, while another speaker, arguing from the basis of thorough knowledge of the point at issue, by his very words probe the sophistry of his antagonist to the core, and bury it in the depths of derision. I thus illustrate, endeavouring to sustain and establish the theory that "thoroughness" in every detail is a prime auxiliary and element of progressive advancement.

There is found, even among children, the quality of "aspiration," and I give this a leading position in the classification of progressive elements. To be ambitious is, in a marked degree, to be practical, and practice often tends to the vindication of theory, for it is then put into action.

The ancients taught their youth the law and its force by compelling them to memorize the code on the twelve tables of stone. In our age and day moral restriction is inaugurated and reward held forth in the law, not to be memorized in the letter, but in the spirit. Thus order is inculcated, and ambition seeks a leading position to rule therein. Its possessor seeks to justify his motive of action by continually giving his application to its success, endeavouring to obtain his high and justly honourable aim by striving to establish his reputation before the world. Thus he maintains his individuality, which of itself

is reward for every endeavour, every aspiration, every hope.

"Individuality" may be classed among the elements of progress, for it is a noble and true representative of enlightened manhood. Man, ever standing before his fellows in criticism and in judgment, while seeking to maintain his qualifications for action, for instruction, and of character, must be ever striving to establish his individuality, which is his beacon, his guide, his reputation. Firmness and decision would be to his character, while they add greatly in establishing his reputation. A firm and decided mode of action banishes every intrusion of weakness or vacillation, and in the hour of trial that man comes out conqueror. The features of such an established character cannot be too greatly enlarged upon, for they are important elements in the pathway of improvement and of duty.

While a spirit of self-love is apt to predominate and rule somewhat in the human economy, I will not be so unjust as to assert that selfishness is universal, so I will take its antipode, self-sacrifice, which is a jewel in the lap of virtue, and place it in the crown which adorns the ruler of true and elevating progress. This is a sublime quality in its fortunate possessor. While I do not say that all possess it, though it is to be feared they do not, I do say that all ought to and should have this quality of redeeming character. It is a qualification for high as it is for low station, to each of which it brings befitting adornment. He who is self-sacrificing adapts himself to adversity, while he is not overcome by prosperity, and in each of these extremes he conveys to every surrounder certain indications of his presence, imparting that influence which is a sure impress of the power he is enabled to wield.

The field is indeed a large one, wherein man can give full expression of his love for his fellows, not in gratitude nor in sympathy, but in action. Where he is not able to render that aid which progress demands, then he is feeble indeed. Self-sacrifice calls men and women from roads of continued prosperity and sends them amidst want and ignorance to give instruction and to create a new life in those whose inert passiveness developed at the first show of adversity. These instructors, familiar with the world and used to the luxury and culture in life, throw all aside and assume anxiety and care to aid and add joy and happiness to those of their kind to whom before ignorance was a king and indolence and lassitude their greatest luxury.

Thus features which retard advancement are succeeded by industry and activity, while prosperity gives evidence of progress, as the result of earnest action in the interest, and also the improvement of ignorant humanity.

Observation is an auxiliary of considerable importance as an instructor in advancement and progressive enlightenment. The results accruing from its earnest employment are beyond computation, while its influence is wonderful. A keen observer is generally a profound thinker, and also is adapted as an instructor worthy of receiving the attention of educators, as well as those seeking education. He is capacitated by his knowledge of human nature and the actions of mankind to impart useful, and thus practical, information. Such are the results and influences of the power of the faculty of observation, that I class it amongst, the foremost, as well as among the most useful, of the elements of progress.

In the order of association, it seems consistent as well as just to identify patience as being a substantial aid and progressive auxiliary in the career of man. It is not the birth of impulse, nor the offspring of policy, but a genuine principle, guiding man onward perhaps upward.

Who are the successful man? Who are the acknowledged makers of opinion, and the creators of food for thought? Who are the great statesmen, the honoured ministers of the Church, the true and good generals, whose names all, (as being worthy) are honoured to-day upon the pages of the past and also contemporaneous history? Are they those who have in a day sprung into power, and through subterfuge and intrigue occupy stations for which they are unfitted in every way? I assume that no such sophistry accepted as truth by any mind of intelligence or thought.

But as the honour of a virtue has so often been claimed for patience, can it not be accepted as an inherent quality of earnest progress in the economy of every man's career. Are we not prepared to believe that only after years of preparation, after multitudes of obstacles, have been overcome, after series upon series of adverse influences have been overpowered and so completely mastered as to be entirely obliterated, and when many, oh! so many, aspiring hopes had melted in the furnace of trial

tribulation, and seeming despair, has the day of an established reputation been reached, upon which shines the sun of prosperity? Then, ah! it is then, that reflection and meditation are calculated fully to justify and warrant that patients only would have enabled anyone to have sustained themselves during so trying and lengthened a period.

Man, ever seeking progress, regards himself as open to new influences, if instructive. Thus he is approached on every side, and among others, in views upon religion.

While I know full well the uneven plane one enters on who engages in questions of theology, I will rest seemingly content in asserting that advanced ideas of religion do not link cohesively or beneficially with elements of true progress.

In seeking to give expression to these limited views upon the varied auxiliaries of progress, some few of which I have enumerated; I have sought to express myself with the view, not so much of pleasing, or of being dogmatic, as of being open to instruction. It is to the present we look for the absorbing of these features. To-morrow may be too late. Precrastination deters the advance of progress, and establishes a real enmity of antagonism, as one faculty becomes more developed than another.

FACETIE.

"I ALLOW that Job was patient," said an old farmer, "but he never seen a determined Shanghai hen sittin' on a nest of biled eggs."

"I DON'T think you were born to reform the world," said a married lady to the new pastor, who was inclined to praise her beauty rather too warmly.

The longest night in Norway lasts three months, and when a young man goes to see his girl, her mother, before retiring, tells her not to ruin her health by sitting up more than two months.

An exchange says that a man in Washington is so cross that his "stomach quarrels with his breakfast."

NEVER OCCUPIED.—There was a place set apart in heaven for good wives who could judge a wicked thing as harshly when a man did it as when a woman did it. But it has never been occupied, I believe.

THE SPIRIT WAS WILLING, BUT THE FLESH WAS LARGE.

SHOEMAKER: "I find we have no No. 12 shoes, sir, but here is a pair of large nines."

CUSTOMER: "Nines! Do yer take me for Cinderella?"

GRIEF!

VISITOR: "Oh, how pretty those new shapes for scent bottles are."

THE VISITED: "Oh, you are mistaken, dear; that contains the remains of my dear husband; the other has it in the ashes of my pretty little Ponte."

GREATLY ANNOYED.—As a general rule, is it better to take little notice of foolish or even of malignant gossip. Let it alone. By-and-bye those who go about retailing such stuff will grow weary, if not ashamed; perhaps they will feel disgusted at their own baseness. If they are not noticed, they will sink out of sight.

HANIE AND ANTIDOTE.

Matthews's attendant, in his last illness, intending to give him his medicine, gave in mistake some ink from a phial on a shelf. On discovering the error, his friend exclaimed:

"Good heavens! Matthews, I have given you ink!" "Never mind—never mind, my boy—never mind," said Matthews, faintly; "I'll swallow a bit of blotting paper."

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

FIRST PARTY (opening conversation): "Ava you heard as Jim Bates's father says he'll give 'im the sack?"

SECOND DO. (after pause): "Whos's father?"

FIRST DO.: "Why, Jim Bates's!"

SECOND DO. (after pause): "Jim Bates's who?"

FIRST DO.: "Why, Jim Bates's father!"

SECOND DO. (after pause): "Jim Bates's father! Well, what does he say?"

FIRST DO.: "Says he'll give 'im the sack!"

SECOND DO. (after pause): "Give 'im the what?"

FIRST DO.: "Give him the sack!"

SECOND DO. (after pause): "Give who the sack?"

FIRST DO.: "Why, Jim Bates!"

SECOND DO. (after long pause): "Ah yes, I heard that the day before yesterday,"—*Fumch.*

SOME ONE LOVED HER.—Not long ago, a sentimental young lady strolled with a gentleman, on whom she had her eye, into conservatory. Looking up pensively into his face, she said, with tears in her

voice, "Ah, no one loves me, Mr. Barnes!" "Some one does!" "Yes!" said the lady, dropping her head, and pressing his arm ever so little. "Yes, Nellie," said the wretch, "God loves you."

SOME OLD DUTCH PROVERBS.

We must row with the oars we have had, as we cannot order the wind we are obliged to sail with, must take the wind that comes.

Patience and attention will bring us far. If the cat watches long enough at the mouse's hole the mouse will not escape.

The ploughman must go up and down, and wherever else play be done there is no other but the long way to do the work well.

Learn to sleep with one eye open. As soon as the chicken goes to roost it is a good time for a fox.

Fools ask what time it is, but the wise know their time.

"Tax the peasants," said the Irish landlord to his agent, "that no threats to shoot you will intimidate me in the least."

An elderly Wicklow maiden, who had suffered some disappointment, thus defines the human race: Man, a conglomerate mass of hair, tobacco smoke, confusion, conceit and boots. Woman, the waltz, perfume, on the aforesaid animal.

THE TWO CARPETS.

How many people, whose advance In worldly state is due to chance— The accident of wealth or birth, And not to their superior worth— Look down with pity, or with scorn, On poorer folks, or meaner born; The while themselves—say what they will— To others are inferior still; The real lords, who little heed The petty pride of place or breed In serfs, on whom they deem it meet To plant their proud patrician feet! Two carpets once, which served to grace A grand chateau—each in its place— (One in the parlour proudly lay, In style and texture fine and gay; The other, near the entry-door, Concealed the ante-chamber's floor, With no pretence of ornament) Long lived in mutual content, Without a single clashing word, Until one day a fowl occurred Which raised—"tis said—a deal of dust. "Of course all know the gods are just," 'Twas thus the parlour carpet spoke, His humble neighbour to provoke, "But more and more, my friend, I see How poor are you, compared with me; And wonder why the hand of Fate Has made the difference so great! For you, of plainest fabric wrought, Awake not one admiring thought; While I, of softest velvet made, With charming ornaments arrayed, And fragrant as the rose's bloom, With vernal beauty fill the room; And thus from all I daily raise, To my delight, the warmest praise; And more than that (ah! lucky me!) The finest company I see;

While you, poor drudge! are but allowed To entertain the menial crowd; Porters and chambermaids, in short, Low people of the vulgar sort!" "True," said the other, "I confess Some slight advantage you possess; But this I just as plainly see— They tread alike on you and me!"

J. G. S.

A BLOODLESS COMBAT.—Eudocia von Amburg was young—was a beauty—was an orphan—was possessor of great wealth—and was ward of the Emperor Joseph II. of Germany. Of course there were many suitors for her hand; but among them all were only two upon whom the fair Eudocia looked with any degree of favour. These two were barons, comparatively young, and had served with her father in the war against the Turks. They were the Baron von Oberndorf, and the Baron von Frobach. The emperor, entertaining equal respect for both these suitors, knew not how to decide between them, and the maiden could not give him the benefit of her decision. In this dilemma, Joseph told the two barons that they stood upon equal terms in his confidence and esteem, he could give neither the preference over the other, and they must decide the matter by their own prowess; but as he did not wish this matter to be the cause of bloodshed, and, perhaps of death, as might be the case if offensive weapons were used, he had ordered a large sack to be provided, and he who should be success-

ful enough to put his rival into it, should have his fair ward for a wife. The suitors agreed to the proposition, and this strange and ludicrous combat between the two noblemen took place in presence of the whole imperial court. It lasted almost an hour. At length, Frobach, utterly exhausted, was forced to yield, and the triumphant Oberndorf, having forced him into the sack, took him upon his back, and laid him at the feet of the emperor, and within a week the fair Eudocia became Baroness von Oberndorf.

GEMS.

The word "home"—lovely to all—is perhaps never felt in the fulness of its peaceful beauty except by the homeless.

In love we grow acquainted because we are already attached; in friendship we must know each other before we love.

The love of a pure and innocent female soul is often the guardian angel that guides a man's steps to his best actions of his life.

WHILE there is so much within us to make open war upon, it is gratious to commence a war with exterior enemies.

When a person feels disposed to over-estimate his own importance, let him remember that man kind got along very well before his birth, and that in all probability they will get along very well after his death.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

THE best preventive against gnats, as well as the best cure for their stings, is camphor.

To make silk which has been wrinkled appear like new, sponge on the surface with a weak solution of gum arabic or white glue, and iron on the wrong side.

LIME-WATER FOR BURNS.—The readiest and most useful cure for scalds and burns is an emulsion of lime-water and linseed oil. These simple agents mixed form a thick creamlike substance, which effectually excludes the air from the injured parts, and allays the inflammation almost instantly. A case is recorded where a child fell backward into a bath-tub of boiling water, and was nearly scalded from neck to below her hips. Her agonies were indescribable; but her clothing being gently removed, and the lime and oil preparation thickly spread over the injured surface, she was sound asleep in five minutes. Subsequently the parts were carefully washed with warm milk and water three times a day, the oil dressing was renewed, and the little patient rapidly recovered. Though all the scalded skin came off, she did not have a scar. This remedy leaves no hard coat to dry on the sores, but softens the parts and aids nature to repair the injury in the readiest and most expeditious manner. This mixture may be procured at a chemist's but if not thus accessible, take a lump of quick-lime in water, and as soon as the water is clear mix it with the oil and shake it well. If the case is urgent pour boiling water over the lime, and it will become clear in five minutes. The preparation may be kept bottled in the house, and it will be as good six months old as when first made.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GRANARIES were built in Rome in seasons of plenty to secure food for the poorer citizens in seasons of scarcity, at the cost of the public treasury. At one period there were 327 granaries in Rome.

It is stated that the Syndic of Rome intends to give a grand entertainment in the Colosseum, which is to outvie the recent municipal entertainment at the Guildhall.

CAPTAIN YOUNG, the aeronaut connected with Sanger's Circus, had a very strange balloon adventure last week. Shortly after an ascent had been made the balloon was caught in a severe aerial storm, and was struck and ripped open by lightning. Captain Young fell into Sproxborough Park, but did not sustain any serious injury.

The Duke of Connaught is, according to the "Berlin Post," expected to arrive at Berlin in September, in order to make a short stay at the German Court before the field manoeuvres in Silesia take place. His Royal Highness will be the guest at Berlin of his sister, the Crown Princess, and will attend the Silesian manoeuvres, the "Post" says, "by the side of his godfather the Emperor."

FRANCO INDUSTRIAL ESTABLISHMENTS.—According to statistics issued by the French Minister of Commerce there exist in France 123,000 industrial establishments, which employ engines to the amount of 502,000 horse-power, and give work to about 1,800,000 men.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JULIUS.—What rubbish to tell us that your heart is broken! If you had said that your head was cracked we could have believed you. A month hence you will have forgotten all about her.

G. W.—Rely upon it he is too great a coward to attempt to carry out his threat, and even were he to do so, you would be a greater coward than he if you did not take care that he got the worse of it. But it is mere idle vapouring, not worthy of a thought.

CONSTANT READER.—There is no impropriety in receiving a present of a book from a gentleman friend, even if the acquaintance has been recently formed. Were it a very valuable present, the question might be raised.

L. W.—There is no set form of asking a lady's hand of her parents. All that is necessary is to state that you love their daughter, that you believe the feeling to be reciprocated, and that you are in a position to give her a good home and for her support, etc.

IRISH RESIDENT.—The British consul is not obliged to procure you a passage back to your own country, but might do so on your representation of the circumstances of your case. It will do no harm to make the application.

BOOKBINDER.—Ruling machines for ruling faint lines in account books and on writing paper were invented by an ingenious Dutchman, residing in London, in 1782, and have been improved from time to time by other manufacturers.

ROSA NELLIE.—We are afraid that you entered too readily into the wishes of the young man. A love lightly won is but little prized, and you yielded before the newly-lighted fire of love in his heart had time to burn up clearly. For the present avoid his company.

CONSTANT READER.—We cannot advise you without knowing more of your case than you have stated; but we think that as the "boy" upon whom your affections are so "irreversibly fixed," shows so much discretion you had better imitate him, and not "ansought be won."

VERDANT writes to us to know how he can tell if a girl whom he loves dearly and who has accepted considerable attention from him really cares for him enough to marry him. Our advice is that you immediately ask her, and you will probably find out what she thinks. Remember, it isn't leap year, and she can't pop the question.

DIANA.—The gentleman may be of a very sensitive nature, and your continued repulses of his attentions may affect him in the way you describe. His behaviour certainly looks rather ridiculous, but it may be sincere. Give him liberty to speak, and should you find him really an idiot, you can easily dismiss him.

A. B. C.—If he really did love you as well as he says he does, we fancy he would let that other girl alone; and, at any rate, you ought to insist on his doing so. Whether you shall or shall not allow him to continue his addresses to you, is properly a matter entirely for your own consideration, and on which we decline altogether to offer an opinion.

GROSSES.—We think Fannie is justified in not being in haste to believe your ardent protestation. Remember how you must have lessened her faith in you by your heartless conduct. The best way for you to do is to be unremitting in every attention to her, and as it is a woman's lot ever to forget and forgive, you may, by your persistence, regain her confidence.

YANKEE.—The music of "Hail, Columbia" was composed in 1789, by Professor Phylo, of Philadelphia, and played at Trenton when Washington was en route to New York to be inaugurated. The tune was originally called the "President's March." The words were written by Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, ten years later, when there was every prospect of a war with France, and patriotic feeling pervaded the country.

HARD CASE.—The usual form of invitation is: "Miss —, may I have the pleasure of your company on — evening, st." etc. If an excursion, or a party, or a ball, the place should be named, and also by whom the affair is managed. You may also state that the affair is to be select, if such is the case, mentioning that certain of her acquaintances have also been invited and will probably be present.

THOMASINA.—Gaping or yawning is a deep and slow inspiration, with a simultaneous action of the respiratory muscles of the face, which are under the influence of the digestive nerve. It occurs after fatigue and at the commencement of fever, but may be easily excited in persons of a debilitated nervous system by sympathy. All means which would give tone to the nervous system are recommended for gaping.

KATE.—It is not at all a sound excuse, and he is endeavouring to shuffle out of his promises to you. He

could have provided a home for you before now if he had been so minded, and whether it be true or not that he is in the habit of visiting that "bold girl" you had better discard and endeavour to forget him, for he has no thought of making you his wife and has never really had any such ideas.

BELLE B.—Whether you are mistaken or not in your interpretation of the young man's action take no notice whatever of him when in the street. If he really desires to make your acquaintance he can do so through an introduction at the hands of a mutual friend. If he is, as we judge, one of those most conceited of all human beings, a male flirt, be perfectly courteous and civil should he be presented to you, but allow no familiarity. There is nothing like a little freezing politeness to let down the conceit of this class of people.

PRUDENCE.—It is hard to advise in such a case, but it always seems to us that a woman should never marry a man who isn't, at least, her equal in every respect.

It is better that a man should be bolder, wiser, stronger, and a little more in love with his wife than she is with him.

Let this teach you go, whom you say has no mind of

his own and nothing to recommend him but his inherited wealth, and marry the man whom, even though you do stand a little in awe of, you can but admire for his many noble qualities.

M. A. R.—We advise you, as the gentleman's bashfulness seems invincible, to take the initiative yourself. All is fair in love, and you can easily contrive to leave your pow at the same time that he does the one in which he is placed. It is not an uncommon thing for a church service to slip from a young lady's hand, and if it chances to fall on a gentleman's toes it can hardly fail to cause him to utter an ejaculation, which such a clever young lady as yourself may easily turn to your own advantage. If you take the hint, the service of the church may be required in another manner before Michaelmas Day.

MY ONLY GIRL.

I lay my hand upon her head,
I softly smooth each shining curl;

Oh! I blame me not, or call me weak,
Dear friends, she is my only girl!

She came as comes a gentle star.

To shed soft light upon my way,
To smooth the furrows from my brow

And sweetly bless me day by day.

Among the jewels Heaven has given,

I call this one my precious pearl;

She often hangs about my neck

In beauty fair, my only girl!

The one white rose she is to me

Of all the flowers my garden bore—

I do not love my boys the less—

I only love my daughter more

She soothes me with her soft caress

Amid the world's sad care and whirl

And makes me quite forget my cares

And pains and woes, my only girl!

Oh, think me not the less a man

Because I love each shining curl,

The tender grace and winning ways

Of this, my only darling girl! M. A. K.

E. M.—In all probability the agreement signed before marriage, to which you allude, will operate as a marriage settlement by which the items referred to were assigned to your separate use. In such case the items scheduled in the settlement cannot be lawfully taken from you either by your husband or his creditors. Although you have placed the title "Mrs." before your name there is sufficient ambiguity in your note to raise the question whether at this present moment you are married or single. If still single, the settlement made on the eve of your marriage, in addition to setting apart your own property and effects for your separate use, should, under the circumstances, contain a clause to the effect that you shall be allowed to carry on your trade separately from your intended husband. Such an agreement could be maintained both against the husband and his creditors. It is comparatively immaterial in what name you carry on business so long as no fraud is intended and you have a fair understanding on the subject with all who are intimately concerned. It may be useful to remind you of an Act passed in 1870 for the benefit of married women. In this Act it is amongst other things declared that "the wages and earnings of any married woman, acquired or gained by her after the passing of this Act in any employment, occupation or trade in which she is engaged or which she carries on separately from her husband, and also any money or property so acquired by her through the exercise of any literary, artistic or scientific skill, and all investments of such wages, earnings, money or property shall be deemed and taken to be property held and settled to her separate use, independent of any husband to whom she may be married, and her receipts alone shall be a good discharge for such wages, earnings, money and property."

FOND OLIVE, twenty, rather short, good looking, dark hair and hazel eyes, would like to correspond with a tradesman; age no object.

GRITTY QUEEN, medium height, black hair and eyes, very handsome, fond of music, and would make a good wife, wishes to correspond with an Irish gentleman.

KATE, twenty-two, golden hair, dark blue eyes, very pretty, loving and domesticated, fond of music and dancing, wishes to correspond with a dark, tall gentleman.

CLARA, twenty-two, fair, dark brown eyes, considered handsome and more domesticated, wishes to correspond with a tall, fair young man; a police sergeant preferred.

KATE, eighteen, medium height, light brown hair, fair complexion, good tempered and very fond of home, would like to correspond with a tall, dark young man with a view to matrimony.

CONY, twenty-one, tall, with dark hair and eyes, and considered good looking, would like to correspond with a dark young man about twenty-three, tall, and good looking.

ANNIE C, nineteen, medium height, very fair, and

considered good looking, would like to correspond with a dark young man about twenty-one, good looking, medium height and respectable.

J. V., a tradesman, twenty-four, tall, fair and affectionate, would like to correspond with a good tempered young woman about twenty-one, and medium height, with a view to matrimony.

MUSICAL HARRY, nineteen, dark, considered handsome, learning a business, and will have money of his own when married, would like to correspond with a young lady, who must be good looking and dark.

CATHERINE F, twenty-one, tall, fair, brown eyes, and considered good looking, would like to correspond with a good looking tall gentleman in a good position; she would make a good wife.

A. LOVELY TAN, seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty-seven, 5ft. 6in., dark complexion, hazel eyes, wishes to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony.

GEORGE D, twenty-five, tall, dark and handsome, well educated, and in good position, wishes to correspond with a dark young lady (a matron preferred) about twenty, with refined and cheerful manners; he would like her to be a good pianist and fond of riding.

A. E. J., eighteen, medium height, fair, not bad looking, would like to correspond with a gentleman with a view to marriage; she would like him to be tall, good looking, well educated, fond of home, and able to keep a wife comfortably.

HORACE V., an actor, now on a tour with a London company at present in Scotland, wishes to correspond with a young lady about twenty-one; Horace is twenty-three, considered good looking, and in receipt of a good income.

TYESIDE, twenty-six, 5ft., dark, strong and muscular, with an income of £500, per annum, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony; she must be about twenty-one, fair, good looking, and of good connections.

LILLY AND AMY, two friends, wish to correspond with two steady and respectable young men, tall and dark. Lilly is twenty, fair, domesticated, fond of home and children; Amy is nineteen, medium height, fair, and would make an excellent wife to a loving husband.

JACOB S, twenty-one, a little over the medium height, dark, has a good situation and £100, in the bank, wishes to correspond with a young lady from eighteen to twenty with a view to matrimony; she must be good looking and refined in mind and manners; a fair lady preferred.

ADELA AND LEOLINE, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen, both fair, with a view to matrimony; they must be from twenty to twenty-five, fond of home, music, and dancing. Adela is sixteen, dark hair and light blue eyes; Leoline eighteen, dark hair, brown eyes; both considered handsome, highly educated in all foreign languages, etc., and will have money on their marriages.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.

VERITAS is responded to by—Lizzie, twenty-one, who thinks she is all he requires.

Rose by—Virginius, a tradesman in a good business, thirty-eight, dark, tall, and fond of home.

Boris by—M. A. B., who thinks he would meet every requirement.

H. W. S. by—Merry Sally, who thinks she is all he requires.

MABEL by—C. W., twenty-nine, 5ft. 5in., dark, and thinks he is all she requires.

BLUBBELL by—Fish Torpedo, a signalman in the Royal Navy, who has plenty of money, and thinks he is all she requires.

NELLIE H. by—W. B., twenty-six, fair, good looking, steady, fond of home, a mechanic, and thinks he is all she requires.

WILLIAM C. by—Blanche H., a widow, medium height, passable in looks, thoroughly domesticated, fond of home and of cheerful disposition, and thinks she is all he requires.

PORE ROYAL by—Bonnie Kate, twenty-one, black hair and blue eyes, passionately fond of music, has a yearly income, and would make a loving and domesticated wife.

ROALD by—Katie, twenty-one, tall, fair, considered good looking, well educated, thoroughly domesticated, fond of home, and thinks she would make a loving and domesticated wife.

JOSEPH by—Kate O., dark, rather short, dark hair and blue eyes, sings very nicely and plays a little, very domesticated, and feels quite certain she could make a home happy.

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